

Ex Lib. W.S.
New Miscellaneous

POEMS.

WITH

Five *Love-Letters*

From a Nun to a Cavalier.

With the Cavalier's Answer.

In TWO PARTS.

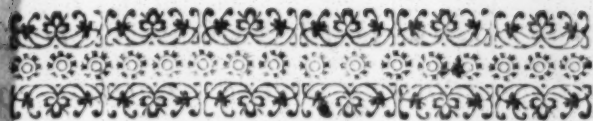
Done into VERSE.

The *Fourth Edition*, according to the
Original Copy, with *Additions*.

*nil dulcius est istoc amare, aut amari,
præter hoc ipsum amare & amari.*

LONDON: Printed for THO. CORBET,
at the Corner of *Ludgate-Hill*, next
Fleet-Bridge. 1716.





T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE Letters from the Nun to a Cavalier are so generally known, that 'tis needleſſ to inform the Reader, that they are (in French) Eſteem'd as one of the greateſt Maſter-pieces of their kind : And tho' the Originals are in Proſe, yet

THE PREFACE.

the Stile is so Poetical, that it Encourag'd the Author to put his Translation into Verse; and he hopes he has not vary'd more from the Original Copy than the Nature of the Thing requir'd.

As for the Miscellaneous Poems, they being on various Subjects, 'tis to be hop'd every Reader will find something agreeable in them.

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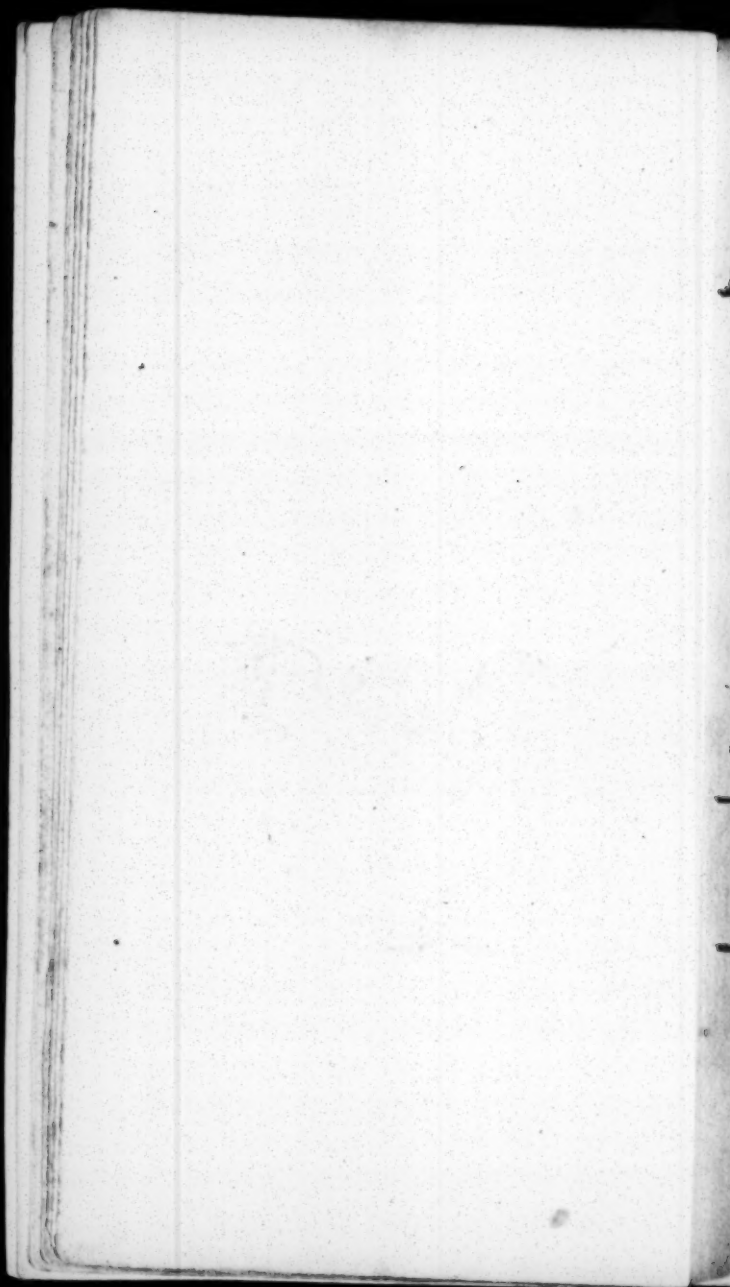
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F I V E

Love Letters

From a

N U N

T O

A Cavalier.

Done into Verse.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1715.



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LOVE-LETTERS

FROM A

Man to a Cavalier.

LETTER I.



H! the unhappy Joys which Love
contains,

How short the Pleasures, and
how long the Pains!

Curs'd be the treach'rous Hopes that drew me on,
And made me fondly to my Ruine run.

What I the Blessing of my Life design'd,
Is now become the Torment of my Mind.

A Torment which is equally as great
As is his Absence, which does it create.

Heav'n's ! must this Absence then for ever last ?
 This Absence ! which does all my Comfort blast ?
 Must I no more enjoy the pleasing Sight
 That Charm'd my Soul with Rapture and Delight ?
 Must I no more those lovely Eyes behold,
 Which have so oft their Master's Passion told ;
 Nor was I wanting in the same Intent ;
 A Thousand times my Eyes in Flashes sent
 The Dictates of my Heart, and shew'd you what
 they meant.

But now they must be otherwise Employ'd,
 When I reflect on what I have enjoy'd,
 Tears of their own accord in Streams will flow,
 To think I'm scorn'd, and left, by faithless You.

And yet my Passion does so far exceed
 A vulgar Flame, that I with Pleasure bleed,
 And doat upon the Torments, which from you
 proceed

From the first moment I beheld your Face,
 To you I dedicated all my Days ;
 Your Eyes at first an easy Conquest gain'd
 Which since they have but too too well maintain'd.

Your

Your Name each Hour I constantly repeat,
But what's (alas!) the Comfort which I meet?
Nought but my wretched Fate's too true Advice,
Which whispers to me in such Words as these:
Ah! *Mariana*, why do'st hope in vain,
To see thy lovely Fugitive again?
The dear, false, cruel Man's for ever gone,
And thou, unhappy thou! art left alone.
Gone is the Tyrant, slighting all thy Charms,
And longs to languish in another's Arms.
In vain you weep, in vain you sigh and mourn,
For he will never, never more, return.
To fly from thee, he left his downy Ease,
And scorn'd the Danger of the raging Seas.
In *France*, dissolv'd in Pleasures, now he lies,
And for new Beauties, ev'ry Moment dies.
The Joys, which once he with such Ardor sought,
Are now (alas!) all vanish'd and forgot;
Nor art thou ever present in his Thought. —

But hold, my Passion hurries me too far,
And makes me think you Falser than you are.
You've sure more Honour than to use me so,
For what I have endur'd and done for you.

Forget me ! 'tis impossible you shou'd ;
 Nay, I believe you cannot if you wou'd,
 My Case is bad enough, without that Curse,
 I need not find fresh Plagues to make it worse.
 And when I think with how much Care you strove,
 To let me see at first, your dawning Love ;
 When I reflect upon the Bliss it brought,
 The Pleasure is too great to be forgot ;
 And I shou'd think I were ungrateful grown,
 Shou'd I not love you, tho' by you undone.—

Yet oh ! the Mem'ry of my former Joys,
 So hard my Fate, my present Ease destroys.
 'Tis strange that what gave such Delight before,
 Shou'd serve to make me now lament the more.—

A Thousand Passions, not to be express'd,
 Your Letter rais'd in my distracted Breast ;
 My vanquish'd Senses, from their Office fled,
 A long time stupid on the Ground I laid,
 And since I've often wish'd I had been Dead.
 But I unhappily Reviv'd again,
 To suffer greater Torment, greater Pain ;
 A Thousand Evils I each Day endure.
 Which nothing but the Sight of you can cure ;

Yet I submit, without repining too,
Because the Ills I bear proceed from you. —

And 'tis because you know the Pow'r you have,
You use me thus, and make me such a Slave.
Oh! give me leave to speak —
Is this the Recompence, you think is due,
To those who sacrifice their Lives for you;
Yet use me as you will, to my last Breath,
Tho' loath'd by you, I'll keep my plighted Faith.--

And did you understand what Pleasure lies
In being Constant, you wou'd Change despise;
You'll never meet with one will prove so kind,
Tho' in another you more Beauty find.
Yet I can tell the time, tho' now 'tis gone,
(Poor as it is!) when mine has pleas'd alone. —

You need not bid me keep you in my Mind,
I'm too much of my self to that inclin'd.
I can't forget you, nor those Hopes you give
Of your Return, in *Portugal* to Live.
Cou'd I from this unhappy Cloyster break,
You thro' the Perils of the World I'd seek.

I'd follow where you went, without Regret.
 And constantly upon your Fortune wait.
 Think not I keep these Hopes to ease my Grief,
 Or bring to my despairing Soul Relief;
 No, I'm too well acquainted with my Fate,
 And know I'm born to be unfortunate. ———

Yet while I write, some glimmering Hopes
 appear,
 That yield a Respite to my wild Despair,
 And some small Ease afford amidst my Care.
 Tell me, what made you press my Ruin so?
 Why with your Craft a harmless Maid undo?
 Why strive t'en snare my too unguarded Heart,
 When you were sure, e'er long you shou'd depart?
 What Injury had I e'er done to you.
 To make you with such Wiles, my Innocence pursue? ———

But Pardon me, (thou Charmer of my Soul!)
 For I will Charge you with no Crime at all.
 Let me hear oft from you, where-e'er you are,
 For I methinks shou'd in your Fortune share.
 But above all, I beg you, by the Love
 Which once you swore shou'd ever constant prove;

By

By all those Vows, which you so often made,
When on my panting Bosom you have laid :
Let me no longer this sad Absence Mourn,
But bless me, bless me, with your kind Return.
Adieu ——— and yet so tender am I grown,
I know not how to end these Lines so soon ;
Oh ! that I could but in their Room convey
My self, thou Lovely Faithless Man, to Thee !
Fool that I am ! I quite distracted grow,
And talk of things impossible to do ;
Adieu. — for I can say no more — Adieu. —
Love me for ever, and I'll bear my Fate,
(Hard as it is) without the least Regret.



LET-



LETTER II.

From a Nun to a Cavalier.

A Las! it is impossible to tell
 Th' Afflicting Pains that injur'd Lovers feel.
 And if my Flame, by what I write, you rate,
 Then have I made my self unfortunate.
 Blest shou'd I be, cou'd your own Breast define
 The raging Passion that I feel in mine ;
 But I must ne'er enjoy that happy Fate :
 And if I'm always doom'd to bear your Hate,
 'Tis base to use me at this Barb'rous rate.
 O ! It distracts my Soul, when I reflect
 Upon my slighted Charms, and your Neglect :
 And 'twill t'your Honour as destructive be,
 As 'tis conducive to my Misery. —————

It now is come to pa's, as then I fear'd,
 When you to leave me, in such haste prepar'd.

Fool

Fool as I was, to think your Flame was true,
True as th' Excessive Love I bear to you !
T' increase my Torments, all your Acts incline ;
To make me Wretched, is your whole Design.
Nor wou'd your Passion any Ease allow,
If only grounded on my Love for you :
But I'm so far, even from that poor pretence,
Six Months are past, since you departed hence ;
Six Tedious Melancholy Months are gone,
And I've not been so much as thought upon :
Blind with the Fondness of my own Desire,
Else might have found my Joys wou'd soon expire.
How cou'd I think that you'd contented be,
To leave your Friends and Native Place for me ?
Alas ! Remembrance of my former Joys
Adds to the number of my Miseries.
Will all my flatt'ring Hopes then prove in vain ?
Must I ne'er live to see you here again ?
Why may not I once more behold your Charms,
Once more enfold you in my longing Arms ?
Why may not I, as heretofore, receive
Those sweet transporting Joys, which none but you
can give ?——

I find the Flame that set my Soul on Fire,
In you was nothing but a loose Desire :



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Once more enfold you in my longing Arms?
Why may not I, as heretofore, receive
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I find the Flame that set my Soul on Fire,
In you was nothing but a loose Desire:

I shou'd have Reason'd, e'er it was too late,
And so prevented my approaching Fate :
My busie Thoughts were all on you bestow'd,
I for my own Repose not one allow'd :
So pleas'd was I, whilst in your Lovely Arms,
I thought my self secure from future Harms :
But yet you may remember, oft I've said,
You'd be the Ruin of a harmless Maid ;
But those were Notions that Abortive dy'd,
And I upon your flatt'ring Oaths rely'd.
Cou'd I cease loving you, I shou'd have Ease,
But that's a Cure far worse than the Disease ;
And 'tis (alas) impossible, I find,
To raze your Image from my tortur'd Mind ;
And 'tis a thing which I did ne'er Design,
For your Condition is far worse than mine ;
You'd better share what my poor Soul endures,
Than th' empty Joys you find in new Amours.
So far am I from envying your Fate,
I rather pity your unhappy State.
I all your false dissembling Arts desie :
I know I'm rooted in your Memory,
And am perhaps, the happiest of the two,
In that I now am more employ'd than you.

They've

They've made me Keeper of the Convent Door,
 Which is a Place I ne'er supply'd before ;
 It is an Office I ne'er thought I have had ;
 All who Discourse me, think that I am Mad.
 Our Convent too, must be as Mad as I,
 Or they might have perceiv'd my Incapacity.

Oh ! How I wish to be as blest as they
 Who as your Servants, your Commands obey :
 I shou'd be Proud, like one of them to wait
 On you, tho' 'twere even in the meanest State.
 My Love for you, I don't at all Repent ;
 That you've seduc'd me, I am well content.
 Your Rig'rous Absence, tho' 'twill fatal prove,
 Yet lessens not the Vigour of my Love.
 My Passions, I to all the World Proclaim,
 And make no Secret of my Raging Flame,
 Some Things I've done irregular, 'tis true,
 And glory'd in them, 'cause they were for you ;
 My Fame, my Honour, and Religion, are
 All made subservient to the Love I bear.

Whilst I am Writing, I have no intent,
 That you shou'd Answer what I now have sent :
 Force not your self, I'll not receive a Word
 You send which comes not of it's own accord.

If by not writing you do Ease receive,
 So't too to me shall Satisfaction give.
 To Pardon all your Faults I'm much inclin'd,
 And shall be pleas'd to prove your're not unkind.

I'm told that *France* has made a Peace ; if so,
 A Visit here, then sure you might bestow,
 And take me with you wheresoe'er you go.
 That must alone at your disposal be,
 I fear (alas) it is too good for me.
 Since you first left this sad forsaken Place;
 I've not enjoy'd a Moment's Health or Ease :
 The Accent of your Name my Cares abate,
 Which I a thousand times a Day repeat.
 Within our Convent some there are, who know
 From whence the Source of all my Sorrows flow,
 Who strive to Ease me, and Discourse of you.

I'm constant to my Chamber, which is dear
 To me, because you've been so often there :
 Your Picture as unvaluable I prize,
 And have it always sit before my Eyes :
 The Counterfeit does Satisfaction give ;
 But when I think that I must never live
 To see the Bright, the Fair Original,
 Great are the Horrors, great the Pains I feel.

Oh!

Oh ! how I'm wrack'd and torn with endless Pain
 To think I ne'er must see you here again !
 But why shou'd it be possible to be
 That I your lovely Form no more must see ?
 For ever are you then for ever gone ?
 For ever, must I make my Fruitless Moan ?
 No *Mariane*, thou wilt soon have Peace ;
 Kind Death approaches, he will give the Ease.
 Ah me ! how fast my fainting Spirits fail ! ———
 Farewel, Oh, Pity me ! ——— Thou Lovely Man,
 Farewel, ———



If by not writing you do Ease receive,
 So't too to me shall Satisfaction give.
 To Pardon all your Faults I'm much inclin'd,
 And shall be pleas'd to prove your're not unkind.

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 Kind Death approaches, he will give the Ease.
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 Farewel, Oh, Pity me ! ——— Thou Lovely Man,
 Farewel, ———





LETTER III.

From a Nun to a Cavalier.

WHAT will become of Miserable me !
 What will the Event of my Misfortunes be !
 How can I hold, now all my Hopes retire ?
 On them I liv'd, and must with them expire.
 Where are the cordial Lines to heal my Pain,
 T' Assure me I shall see you here again ?
 Where are the Letters that should bring Relief,
 Compose my Soul, and mitigate my Grief ?

Fool'd with vain Projects, I of late design'd
 To strive to calm and heal my tortur'd Mind :
 The slender Hopes I have of seeing you,
 Joyn'd with the Coldness of your last Adieu,
 Th' Improbability of your Return,
 The many tedious restless Nights I've born,

Your

Your frivolous Execuses to be gone,
Encourag'd my Design, and urg'd me on ;
Nor did I doubt Success, till, ah ! too soon,
I found I still must love, still doat, and be undone.

Wretch that I am ! compell'd alone to bear
The heavy Burthen, which you ought to share.
You're the Offender, and I undergo
The Punishment, which ought to fall on you.
'Tis plain, I never yet enjoy'd your Love,
Since all my Torments can't your Pity move ;
Feign'd were the Transports, false the Vows you made
And only us'd, that I might be betray'd ;
Your whole Designs were to ensnare my Heart,
Then cruelly to act a Tyrant's Part.

'T' abuse a Love like mine, is highly base,
And cannot but redound to your Disgrace ;
Who would have thought, when of my Love possess'd,
'Twas not enough to make you ever blest,
And 'tis for your own sake I'm troubl'd most,
When I but think upon the Joys you've lost :

Nay, did you judge aright, ———
 The Difference soon by you perceiv'd would be,
 Betwixt Abusing and Obliging me ;
 Betwixt the Pleasures, which you might have prov'd,
 Of Loving much, and being much Belov'd.

Such is the Force of my Excessive Woe,
 I'm quite insensible of what I do ;
 Ten thousand different Thoughts distract my Mind,
 My rigid Fate can't be by Words defin'd,
 To Death I love, yet cannot wish that you
 should share the Miseries I undergo.
 To loath, t' have all things odious in your sight,
 Receive no Ease by Day, no Rest by Night ;
 Your Soul o'erloded with continual Cares,
 Your Eyes still flowing with a Flood of Tears ;
 Did you but suffer this my Grief for you,
 Wou'd quickly finish what my own can't do,

Why do I write ? Shou'd I your Pity move,
 What good wou'd Pity do without your Love ?
 I scorn it ; and my self with equal Scorn
 I loath, when I reflect on what I've born :

My Friends I've lost, and Reputation too,
Have ran the hazard of our Laws for you :
But what's much worse, now I all this have done,
False as you are, ev'n you're ungrateful grown.

Yet, oh ! I cannot, cannot yet repent,
But rather am with all my Ills content :
I cannot grieve at what I've done for you,
But more for your dear sake wou'd undergo ;
To you wou'd sacrifice my Life and Fame ;
They're yours, which you (and only you) can claim,

In short, I'm vex'd with every thing I do ;
Nor can I think I'm kindly us'd by you.
False as I am, why don't I die with Shame,
And so convince you of my raging Flame ?
If I had lov'd so well, as oft I've said,
You Cruelty, e'er this, had struck me Dead.
No, all this while, 'tis you've deluded been,
And have the greatest Reason to complain.
How cou'd I see you go, and yet survive,
Be out of hopes of your Return, and Live ?
I've wrong'd you ; but I hope you will forgive,
Yet grant it not ; treat me severely still,
Tell me, that I've abus'd, and us'd you ill.

Be

Be harder still to please, increase my Care,
 And end my Sufferings with a sure Despair.
 A Fate that's Tragical wou'd doubtless be
 The Way t' endear me to your Memory.
 Perhaps too, you'd be touch'd with such a Death,
 When you reflect how I've resign'd my Breath.
 To me, I'm sure, 'twou'd welcome be indeed,
 And far to be prefer'd before the Life I lead. —

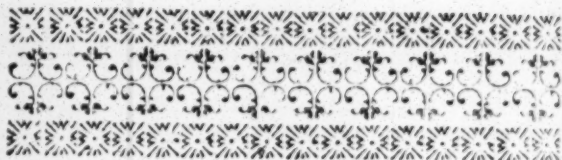
Farewel, I with your Eyes I'd never seen,
 But ah ! my Heart, now contradicts my Pen.
 I find I'd rather Love, involv'd in Harms,
 Than once to wish I ne'er had known your Charms.
 And since you think not fit to mend my State,
 I'll chearfully (tho' hard) embrace my Fate.
 Adieu. — But promise me, when I am Dead,
 Some pitying Tears you'll o'er my Ashes shed.
 At least, let my too-sad Experience prove
 The means to hinder any other Love.
 'Twill yield some Ease, since I must lose your Charms,
 That you'll not revel in another's Arms.
 Neither can you be so inhuman sure,
 To make my Fate assist a new Amour.
 I fear my Lines are troublesome to you,
 But you'll forgive my Foolery — adieu.

Alb

Alas me ! methinks too often I repeat
The Story of my too unhappy Fate.
Yet let me pay the Thanks to you I owe
For all the Miseries I undergo.
I hate the State in which I liv'd before
The more my Cares increase, I'm pleas'd the more.
My Flame does greater every Moment grow —
And I have still — Ten Thousand Thousand Things
to say to you



LET-



LETTER IV.

From a Nun to a Cavalier.

YE Gods! the Torments that from Love arise
 When the dear Object's absent from our Eyes!
 I'm told you've been by raging Tempests toss'd,
 And forc'd to seek some Hospitable Coast.
 The Sea, that is the faithless Loyer's Foe,
 I doubt will hardly e'er agree with you.
 And oh! my Fears, for Dangers you may meet
 Make me my own Tormenting Pains forget. —

But is your Friend then more concern'd to know
 Than I, the Perils that you undergo?
 If not, how comes it that you cou'd afford
 To write to him, whilst I have not a Word?

Why do I talk? What cou'd I else expect?
 But base Ingratitude, and cold Neglect?

From

From one, who slighting all which once he swore,
Now seeks new Beauties on a Foreign Shore —
Yet Heav'n avert it's Wrath, nor may'lt thou be
E'er punish'd for thy Treachery to me.
For faithless as you are, I'm still inclin'd,
Not to revenge, but rather to be kind. —

'Tis plain, I'm now the least of all your Care,
Else you'd have some regard to my Despair.
But I, tho' wrack'd and torn with endless Pain,
To one relentless as the Grave complain.
Yet I, fond I! regardless of my Fame,
Still cherish and indulge this fatal Flame;
In vain my Reason offers to persuade,
I scorn it's Counsel, and contemn it's Aid,
And find a Pleasure in my being Mad.
Had you but with this Coldness been possess'd,
When first you rais'd those Tumults in my Breast;
How many Plagues had it from me detain'd?
How calm? how easie? had I now remain'd?

But where's the Woman wou'd not have believ'd
Your Arts, and not have been (like me) deceiv'd?
Who cou'd your num'rous Oaths and Vows mistrust?
Who cou'd have thought that you shou'd prove
unjust The

The frequent Protestations that you made
Wou'd have a Heart more firm than mine betray

'Tis hard to think the Man whom once we love
Shou'd false, shou'd cruel, and ungrateful prove,
Nay, I'm so easie, I've already made,
Excuses for you, and wou'd fain perswade
My too too cred'lous Heart, that I am not be-
tray'd.

It was your Converse that at first refin'd,
My Ignorant and, till then, unpolish'd Mind.
'Twas from your Passion that I caught this Flame
That is destructive to my Ease and Fame:
In vain 'gainst you I strove my Heart to arm,
For you in every Action had a Charm.
Your pleasing Humour, and the Oaths you swore,
Made me believe you ever wou'd adore.
But now (alas) those grateful Thoughts are fled,
And all my Hopes are with my Pleasures dead.
I sigh and weep, a Thousand Plagues possess
My Soul, and give me not a Moment's Ease.
Great were my past Delights, I must confess
Excessive were the Joys, and vast the Bliss,
But then, oh cruel Fate! my Mis'ries are not
less

Had I with Artifice e'er drawn you on,
And what I most desir'd, have seem'd to thun;
Had I the cunning Arts of Women us'd
And with feign'd Scorn your Gen'rous Love abus'd;
Had I my growing Flame with Care suppress'd,
When first I found it rising in my Breast;
Nay, when I found I lov'd, had I conceal'd
My Passion, nor to you my Soul reveal'd,
That for your Hate had been some small pretence,
That you might now have urg'd in your Defence.
But —————

So far was I from using such Deceit,
My Heart was never conscious of a Cheat.
And I no sooner of your Passion knew,
But frankly I return'd the like to you. —————

Yet you, 'tho I was blindly fond, cou'd see,
Not Ign'rant what the Consequence wou'd be.
Why with such Wiles then did you draw me on,
To leave me wretched, hopeless and undone?
You knew you shou'd not long continue here,
And did you make me love but to despair?
Why was I singl'd out alone to be
Th' unhappy Object of your Cruelty? —————

Sure in this Country you might those have met,
 Who were for your coarse Purposes more fit;
 Such who by frequent Use had got the Pow'r
 To give their Hearts but for the present Hour.
 Who of your Falseness never wou'd complain,
 Nor give themselves for you a Moment's Pain.
 Is't like a Lover then, to use me so;
 Me! who wou'd give up all I have for you?
 Is it not rather like a Tyrant done,
 To ruin and destroy what is your own? —

Had you but lov'd so truly as you said,
 You never from me in such haste had fled.
 But you! how easie did you go away?
 Nay, ev'n seem'd pleas'd you cou'd no longer stay.
 The few Excuses that you made to go,
 How slight they were? but any thing wou'd do,
 To fly from one already nauseous grown,
 That lov'd you but too well, and trusted you too
 soon. —

My Friends (you cry) and Honour call me hence,
 And I must now return to serve my Prince.
 Why was not that nice Honour thought on then,
 When you deluded me to give up mine?

This

et, This was all Fiction, which you did devise,
To seem less guilty, and to blind my Eyes.
But ah ! I shou'd have too much Bliss enjoy'd,
Might I with you have liv'd, with you have dy'd.--
My only Comfort is, I've been to you,
Spite of this Absence, constant, just and true ;
And can you then, who all my Thoughts controul,
And know the inmost Secrets of my Soul,
Can you be so regardless of my Pray'r,
T' abandon me for ever to Despair ?
You see I'm mad, but yet I'll not Complain
For I'm so us'd to suffer your Disdain,
That now I find a Pleasure in my Pain ——— }

y. But what's my greatest Curse, those Things no
more
Can please me now, which us'd to please before.
My Friends, Relations, and my Convent too, }

Are Odious all, and all detested grow,
Nay, ev'ry thing that not relates to you.
The fleeting Hours of each succeeding Day,
If not on you bestow'd (I think) are thrown a-
way. ———

So great's my Love, and with such Pow'r does Rule,
It takes up the whole Business of my Soul.

Why then, t' express this Passion, shoud I strive?
 For 'tis impossible I shoud survive
 This restless State, and with Indifference live—

So much I now am chang'd from what I was,
 That all observe and wonder at the Cause.
 My Mother chides, and urges me to tell
 What 'tis creates my Grief, and what I ail.
 I hardly know what Answer I have made,
 But I believe that I have all betray'd.
 The most severe and hardest Hearts relent,
 And are with Pity touch'd at my Complaint.
 To Cruel Thee alone I sigh in vain,
 For all the World besides compassionates my Pain.

'Tis seldom that you write, and when you do,
 Your Coldness ev'ry Line does plainly shew.
 'Tis all but Repetition and Constraint,
 Dull is each Word, and each Expression faint. —

My kind Companion took me t'other Day,
 To the *Balcon* that looks towards *Mertola*.
 The Sight so struck my Heart, that while I stood,
 Strait from my Eyes a briny Deluge flow'd.

I then return'd, and strove to ease my Care,
But all my thoughts brought nothing but Despair.
What others do to help me in my Grief,
Adds only to my Pains, and brings me no Relief.—

From that *Balcon*, I often took Delight
To see you pass, and languish'd for the Sight.
'Twas there that fatal Day I chanc'd to be,
When first my Heart resign'd it's Liberty.
'Twas there I drew the Poyson from your Eyes,
'Twas there this raging Passion had it's Rise.
Methoughts on me alone you seem'd to gaze,
And careless look'd on ev'ry other Face.
And when you stop'd, I fondly thought to me
'Twas meant, that I your Lovely Shape might see.

I call to mind what Trembling seiz'd my Breast,
Caus'd by a Leap giv'n by your prancing Beast.
I near concern'd in all your Actions was,
Flatter'd my self I was of some the Cause.
What follow'd, to relate I'll now forbear,
Lest you appear more Cruel than you are,
And 'twill perhaps your Vanity increase,
To find my Labours have no more Success.

Fool as I am, to think to move you more
 By Threats, than all my Love cou'd do before.
 Too well (alas !) I know my Fate to come,
 And you're too too unjust, to make me doubt my
 Doom.

Since I am not allow'd your Love to share,
 All Ills in Nature I have cause to fear.
 I shou'd be pleas'd, did all our Sex admire
 Your Charms, if you did not return the Fire.
 But there's no Fear, I by Experience know
 None ever long will be ador'd by you.
 You easily enough forget my Charms,
 Without the taking others to your Arms.
 By Heav'ns I love, I doat to that degree,
 That since, I find you're ever lost to me ;
 I wish you'd some Excuse to hide your Crime,
 That to the World you might less Guilty seem.
 'Tis true, 'twou'd make my Case but so much worse,
 But then, 'twou'd advantageous be to yours. —

While you are free in *France*, perhaps the Fear
 Of not returning Love for Love may keep you
 there.

But mind not that, if you I sometimes see,
I shall contented with my Fortune be,
To know one Country holds my Love and me.

3

Why with vain Hopes do I my Reason blind,
To one less doating you may prove more kind ?
Pride in another may a Conquest gain,
Greater than mine, with all the endless Pain
Of constant Love, which I've endur'd for you :
But, oh ! from me take warning what you do ;
Retract your Heart e'er yet it is too late,
And think upon my too too wretched Fate ;
Reflect upon my endless Miseries,
Despair, Distractions, and my Jealousies ;
Think on the Trust that I've repos'd in you,
Th' Extravagance which all my Letters shew.

I well remember, you in Earnest said,
For one in *France* you once a Passion had.
If she's the Reason why you don't return,
Be free, and let me thus no longer mourn.
For if my Hopes and Wishes are but vain,
Tell me the Truth ———
And end at once my wretched Life and Pain. ———

To

To me her Picture and her Letters send,
 They'll make me worse, or else my Fate amend,
 Such is the State of miserable me,
 That any Change wou'd advantagious be.
 Your Brothers and your Sisters send me too,
 All will be dear to me, that's so to you.

Methinks I cou'd submit to wait upon
 The Happy Woman that your Heart has won,
 So humble am I made by all your Scorn,
 And the ill Usage that from you I've born;
 Scarce dare I say, I may my self allow
 To Jealous be, without displeasing you.
 Fain wou'd I think that I mistaken am,
 And fain perswaded be, that you are not to blame.

The Person that's to bear these Lines to you,
 Wants to be gone, and does impatient grow.
 I thought, in this, not to have giv'n Offence,
 But yet I'm fall'n into Extravagance.
 And now methinks 'tis time that I had done,
 But I've no Power to end these Lines so soon,
 Nor force the pleasing Vision from my Sight;
 My Lovely Charmer's present while I Write.

Twelve solitary Months are almost past
Since in your trembling Arms you held me fast,
And fondly to my Ruin me Embrac'd.

As fierce and true as mine, I thought your Flame,
And, oh! believ'd 'twou'd always be the same,
Ne'er cou'd I think, that when you had enjoy'd
My Favours, with them you'd so soon be cloy'd:

Or that the Dangers of the Sea you'd run,
Scorn Rocks and Pirates too, that you might shun
A Maid that lov'd like me, and is by you undone.

Reflect, thou Faithless Man! and call to mind
What I've endur'd for you, yet not repin'd,
And tell me, can this Treatment then be kind?

The Officer now presses me to've done
My Letter, or (he says) he must be gone;
He's as impatient as if he, like you,
Were running from another Mistress too,
Farewel—from me you parted with more ease,
(Perhaps for ever too) than I can do with this.

My Mind a thousand pleasing Notions frames,
And I cou'd call you many tender Names:

More

More dear than is my Life to me, are you;
 And dearer far than I imagine too:
 Sure never any yet so cruel prov'd,
 To be so Barb'rous, when so well Belov'd.

'Tis hard to end, — See I begin a new,
 And th' Officer won't stay; well, let him go:
 I write to entertain my self, not you;
 And 'tis so long, you'll never read it thro'.
 Gods! how have I deserv'd such Plagues as these?
 And why was you pick'd out to spoil my Peace?
 Oh! why was I not Born where I might pass
 In Ignorance and Happiness my Days?
 'Tis too too much to bear, no Tongue can tell
 What I endure — Farewel — false Man —
 Farewel

See! see! how Miserable I'm made by you,
 When I dare not so much as ask your Love — Adieu





LETTER V.

From a Nun to a Cavalier.

I Hope, by th' different Air of this, you'll find
That, as I've chang'd my Stile, I've chang'd my
Mind.

The Substance of these Lines will let you know
That you're to take them for my last Adieu :
For since your Love is past Redemption gone,
I've no Pretence to justifie my own.

All that I have of yours, shall be convey'd
To you, without so much as mention made
Of your loath'd Name ; the Pacquet shall not bear
Those Letters which I now detest to hear.

In Donna *Brites* I can well confide,
And whom, you know, I've other ways employ'd ;
Your Picture she'll (and all that's yours) remove,
Those once endearing Pledges of your Love :

A thousand times I've had a strong Desire
To tear and throw them in the Flaming Fire ;
But I'm a Fool, too easie in my Pain,
And such a gen'rous Rage can't entertain.

Wou'd but the Story of my Cares create
The like to you, methinks 'twou'd mine abate.
Your Trifles, I must own, went near my Heart,
With them I found it difficult to part,
To what was yours I bore such mortal Love,
Tho' you your self did quite indiff'rent prove,
They've cost me many a Sigh, and many a Tear,
And more Distraction than you e'er shall hear.
My Friend, I say, now keeps them in her Pow'r,
And I am never to beho'd 'em more ;
She them will secretly to you convey,
Without my Knowledge hasten them away ;
Tho' for a Sight I on my Knees shou'd lie,
The more I pray, she must the more deny.

Ne'er had I known the Fury of my Flame,
Had I not try'd my Passion to reclaim ;
Nay, to attempt a Cure I'd ne'er begun,
Cou'd I've foreseen the Hazards I must run :

For sure I am, I cou'd with greater Ease
Support your Scorn, as rig'rous as it is,
Rather than to retain the dreadful Thought,
That Absence must for ever be my Lot.

I thou'd be happy, if I cou'd be Proud,
And with the Nature of our Sex endow'd:
Cou'd I despise you, and your Actions scorn,
And be reveng'd for all the Ills I've born.

Fool as I am, to let my Hopes rely
On one who strives t'increase my Misery!
You talk of Truth and of Sincerity;
They both are what you never shew'd to me.
To tell you what I've born, 'tis now too late,
(For th' most oblig'd, and yet the most ingrate)
Let it suffice, I all your Falshood know;
And all I ask for what I've done for you.
Is, Write no more; I'll some Invention find
To tear your Image from my tortur'd Mind.

I too must now forbear to write to you,
Lest a Relapse shou'd by that means ensue;
And the Event of this, I've no Desire to know.

E

Me- }

Methinks you shou'd enough contented be
 With th' Ills you have already brought on me:
 Sure now you need no more molest my Ease,
 Or shake the Structure of my future Peace,
 Do you but leave me in uncertainty,
 I hope in time I shall at quiet be :
 'Tis not impossible, but I may find
 A Love as true, as you have been unkind.
 But what will Love that any-Man shall shew
 Afford to me, without I love him too ?
 Why shou'd his Am'rous Passion more incline
 To move my Heart, than yours was mov'd b
 mine ?

And I perceive, by what I now endure,
 That the first Wounds of Love admits no Cure.
 All sorts of Remedies then prove in vain,
 W'are ne'er recover'd to our selves again ;
 So fixt, and so immutable's our Fate,
 W are doom'd to Love, tho' w'are repaid with Hate.

I'm sure I cou'd not so hard-hearted be,
 To treat another as you've treated me :
 Provided you was to another chang'd,
 Of you I cou'd not that way take Revenge.

I'd fain perswade my self a Nun shou'd ne'er
 Confine the Passions of a *Cavalier* ;
 But if a Man wou'd by his Reason move,
 A Mistress in a Convent is most fit for Love ;
 Those in the World do all their Thoughts employ
 On Balls, on Visits, and their Finery ;
 Increase their Husbands Jealousies and Cares,
 Whilst those who favour us have no such Fears.
 Alas ! we've nothing here to change Desire,
 But by Reflection daily fan the Fire.

I wou'd not have you think that I maintain
 These Arguments, in hopes I may regain
 Your Love ; too well I know my Destiny ;
 I always was, and still must wretched be.
 When you was here, I did no Rest enjoy :
 Present, for fear of Infidelity ;
 When distant, Absence did my Ease destroy.
 I always trembled while you was with me,
 Lest you'd be found, and come to Injury :
 Whilst in the Field, both Lives in Danger were ;
 Fear of my Parents did increase my Care.
 So that 'tis plain, ev'n at the best, my Mind
 Was as disturb'd as I at present find :

Since you left me, had you but once seem'd kind,
 I shou'd have follow'd, and not been confin'd,
 Alas ! what then wou'd have become of me,
 T'have brought a Scandal on my Family ;
 T'have lost my Parents and my Honour too,
 And, after all, to be despis'd by you ?

What Thoughts soever you of me contain,
 I re-conjure ye ne'er to write again :
 Me-hinks you shou'd sometimes reflect upon
 The base ungen'rous Injuries you've done.

No Woman sure did e'er so easy prove ;
 What did you ever do to gain my Love ?
 You wasthe first that to the Army went ;
 To stay the longest there, the best content:
 Did you more careful of your Person grow,
 Altho' upon my Knees I beg'd you wou'd do so ?
 Did you e'er strive to fix in *Portugal*,
 A Place where you was so belov'd of all ?
 Your Brother's Letter hurry'd you away,
 On the Receipt of it you'd not a Moment stay ;
 And I'm inform'd you ne'er was pleas'd more
 Than when on Board, a making from our Shore.

You can't deny, but you deserve my Hate,
And I may thank my self for all my Fate :
I was too free, and gave my Heart too soon,
And brought upon my self the Ills I've undergone.
Alas ! from Love alone, Love ne'er will rise,
It must be rais'd by Skill and Artifice.
Your first Design was to ensnare my Love.
And nothing wou'd have spar'd, that might success-
ful prove :
Nay, I believe, if it had needful been,
Rather than fail'd, you wou'd have lov'd again ;
But you found easier ways to work upon,
And thought it best to let the Love alone. —————

Perfidious Man ! which way can you atone
For th' Base and Treacherous Affronts you've done ?
The Blinding Passion now is vanish'd quite,
That kept the Foulness of them from my Sight ;
Never must my Tormented Soul have Ease ?
When shall I be, thou Cruel Man, at Peace ?

Within a while you yet perhaps may hear,
May have a Letter from your injur'd Fair,

To let you know that she is at Repose
Free of the Torments that from you arose.
Oh ! what a Pleasure it will be to me,
Without Concern, t'accuse you of your Treachery !
When I've forgot the wracking Pains I've born,
And able am to Talk of you with Scorn !

You've had the better, it is plainly prov'd,
Because I you have out of Reason lov'd ;
But by the Conquest you've small Honour won,
For I was Young and easily undone :
I, while a Child, was Cloyster'd, knew no hurt,
Discours'd with none but of the Vulgar sort,
And what belong'd to Flatt'ry never knew,
Till I unhappily was taught by you :
You'd a good Character of ev'ry one,
Which you made use of to entice me on.

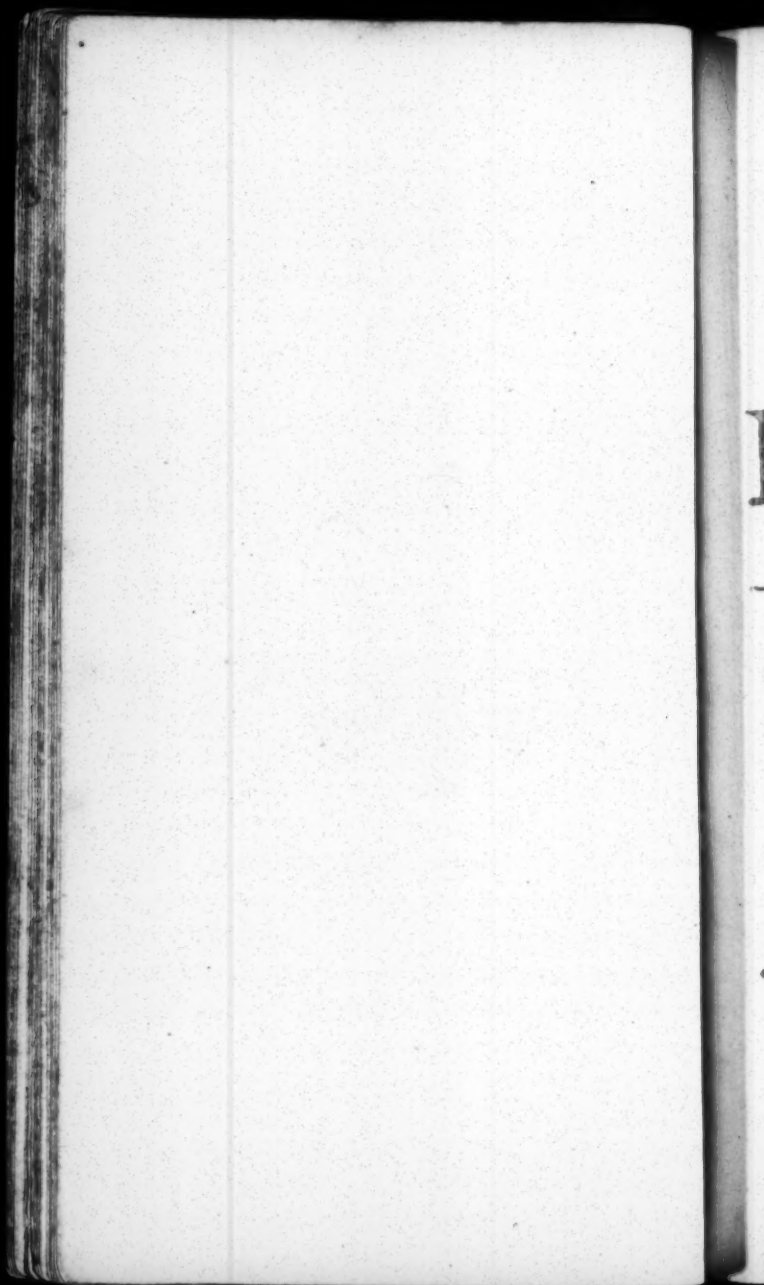
My Indignation, and your Falshood too,
Makes me at present much disorder'd grow ;
But I assure you, I will shortly find
Some means or other to release my Mind.
Perhaps you may take a Way to ease my Care,
Which, when 'tis Acted, you'll be pleas'd to hear.

Fool as I am, to say thus o'er and o'er,
The same that I've so often said before !
Of you a Thought I must not entertain,
And fancy too I ne'er shall write again.
For what occasion's there, that I to you
Shou'd be accountable for all I do ?



The End of the Nun's Letters.

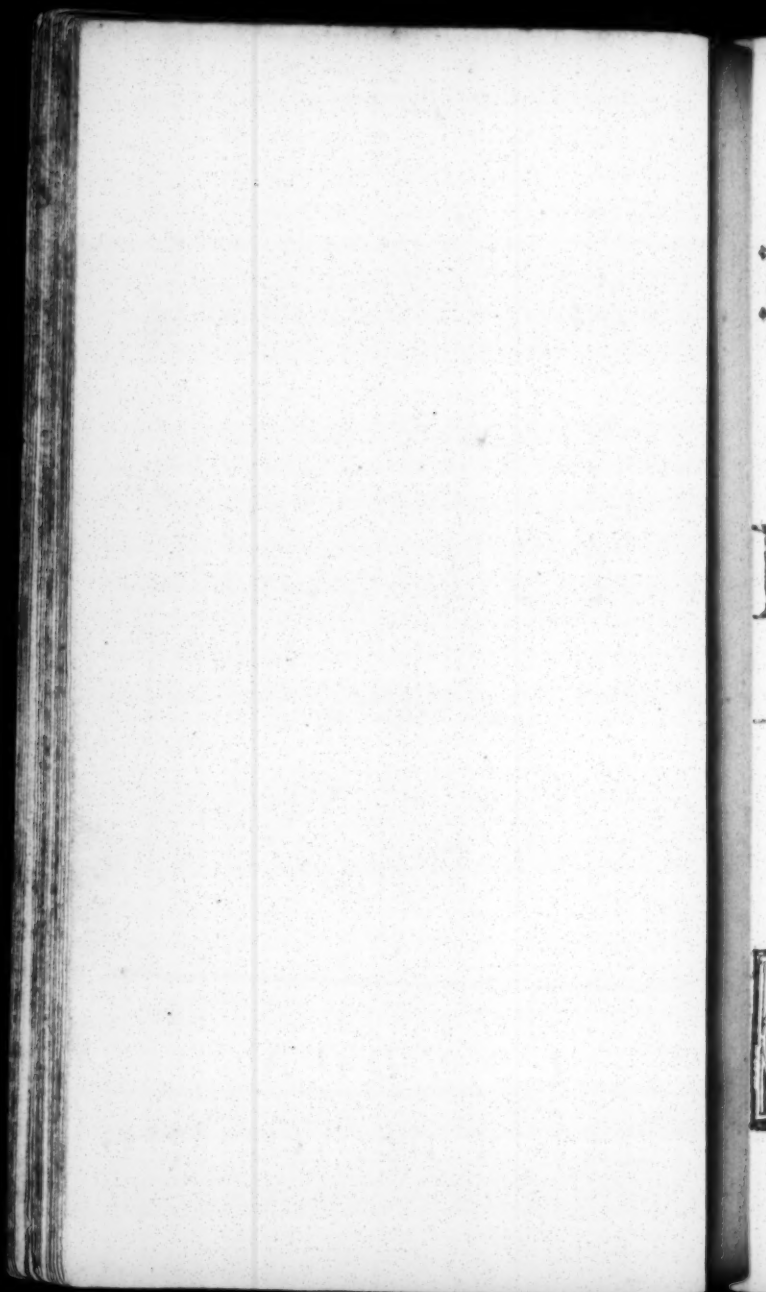
NEW



NEW
Miscellaneous
POEMS.



LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1715.





New Miscellaneous
POEMS.

A SONG.



T Cynthia's Feet I sigh'd, I pray'd,
And wept ; yet all the while
The cruel unrelenting Maid
Scarce paid me with a Smile.

Such

48 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

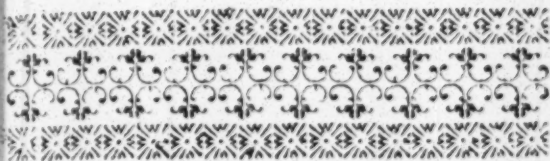
Such foolish tim'rous Arts as these
Wanted the Power to Charm ;
They were too innocent to please,
They were too cold to warm.

Resolv'd, I rose, and softly prest
The Lillies of her Neck ;
With longing eager Lips I kiss
The Roses of her Check.

Charm'd with this Boldness, she relents,
And burns with equal Fire ;
To all my Wishes she consents,
And crowns my fierce Desire.

With heat like this *Pigmalion* mov'd
His Statue's icy Charms :
Thus warm'd, the marble Virgin lov'd,
And melted in his Arms.





THE ADVICE.

Young *Damon*, once the happiest Swain,
The Pride and Glory of the Plain,
Yet see th' effects of Love !
Depriv'd of all his former rest,
Shou'd Company, with Grief oppress,
And sought the thickest Grove. ,

The Nymphs and Swains all strove to find
What 'twas disturb'd the Shepherd's Mind,
But when they beg'd to know,
He only shook his drooping Head,
And sighing, mournfully he said,
My Fate will have it so.

F

Myr.

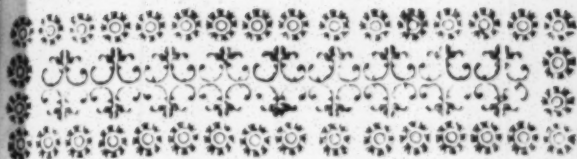
50 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Myrtilla hearing of his Woes,
Came too, and kindly ask'd the Cause
Of all his mighty Pain ;
The Youth, transported and amaz'd
To hear her Charming Voice, soon rais'd
His Head, and thus began :

I Love, but 'tis a Nymph so Fair,
That I of all Success Despair,
And nought expect but Scorn :
And, oh ! forgive, since ask'd by you,
If farther I my Tale pursue,
And say for you I burn.

The Nymph then blush'd, and smiling said,
And is it thus you Court a Maid,
With sighing and with pining ?
In Love, the want of Confidence
Is worse by half than want of Sense,
Rise Man, and leave your Whining.





T O

C Æ L I A,

*Understanding she talk'd kindly
of him in her Sleep.*

C Ælia, you strive in vain to hide
Your Secrets from your Lover ;
For, ' spite of all your Art and Pride,
Your Dreams your Thoughts discover.

F 2

But

52 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

But prithee say what is't does make
This difference in your Mind?
Why are you so severe awake,
And when asleep so kind?

All Day whatever Looks I meet,
You dart from scornful Eyes;
And, tho' I languish at your Feet,
My Passion you despise.

Yet since at Night, when void of Art,
Much kinder Things you say,
I'll think 'tis then you shew your Heart,
And Counterfeit all Day.



T O

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T O

C Æ L I A.

THO' I a thousand Resolutions frame
To quench my raging and successless Flame.
Tho' to my self I frequently have sworn,
That I wou'd be a whining Fool no more ;
Nay, I thought too that I shou'd keep my Vow ;
But who can keep it, if he looks on you ?
One Sight, one single Glance of you alone
Made me forget, what I before had done.

O *Celia* ! sure there's Magick in thy Face,
For I u n it cou'd for ever gaze ;
My Eyes still find fresh Beauties to admire,
Still meet fresh Charms, to raise my Passion high'r :

54 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

And tho' a thousand Times your Form I View,
Yet ev'ry time I find out something new.
Thou Heavenly Maid! for my Misfortunes born,
On whom I doat, tho' you my Passion scorn,
Say, why am I condemn'd to bear your Hate?
Why must I perish by so hard a Fate?

Leander, from his Love by Storms restrain'd,
Raving from off the Shore, aloud complain'd;
Curst his hard Fate upon the Sandy Beach,
And thought himself the most unhappy Wretch.
But then he knew not what it was to bear,
The Storms and Tempests of an angry Fair;
For his dear *Hero* was all kind and sweet,
And did his Flame with equal Raptures meet.

Her Form was lovely, tender was her Mind;
For him she languish'd, and for him she pin'd.
Had she but frown'd, had she but been severe,
He wou'd have own'd, the Tempests of the Air
Less to be fear'd, than is an Angry Fair.

Oh! cou'd I but express how well I love,
It must, it cou'd not but, your Pity move!

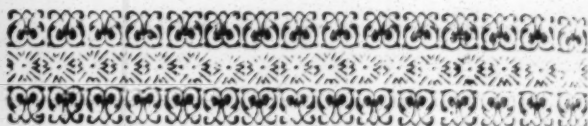
New Miscellaneous Poems. 55

In Thoughts of you I pass each tedious Day,
And when soft Sleep has chas'd my Cares away,
Still to my Eyes your Form my Dreams convey. }
Both Night and Day you rule with equal Pow'r,
Awake I languish, and asleep adore :
Your Name for ever dwells upon my Tongue ;
You are the constant Subject of my Song.

No other Muse do I invoke but you ;
You make the Lover and the Poet too ;
And did my Flame the least Acceptance meet,
Did you my boundless Passion kindly treat,
Thy Beauties I'd thro' ev'ry Grove proclaim,
And ev'ry Swain shou'd learn thy charming Name ;
Each Youth, each Nymph shou'd sing of *Celia's*
Praise,

Celia shou'd live for ever in my Lays ;
With careful Art I'd polish ev'ry Line, }
In ev'ry Word my *Celia's* Charms shou'd shine,
And so, like Thee, my Verse shou'd be Divine. }





T O

Miranda.

AS Shipwreck'd Men, upon the angry Seas,
With Fear behold their Death before their
Eyes,

Cloath'd with Despair, void of all Hope, they strive
To save their Bark, and keep themselves alive ;

Ev'n so, fair Maid, I wreckt on Seas of Love,
To thy Divine enthralling Arms wou'd move.

Thy Eye's the Star by which my Course I steer,
Which if absconded, drive me on Despair.

Thy Smiles are Charms, which quell the furious
Tide ;

Love is the Pilot, Love the onely Guide ;

Thy

Thy Frowns are Blasts that overturn my Bark,
And quite confound the Pilot and his Mark.

Forbear, Cœlestial Nymph ! forbear to frown ;
Blast not my Hopes, nor plunge me headlong down ;
With Smiles conduct me to the distant Shore,
And beat me back with furious Frowns no more ;
Free from the Storms of the tempestuous Tide,
At Anchor in your Arms securely let me ride.



The



The PUNISHMENT.

D*Amon*, a Young deceitful Swain,
 Pretends to ev'ry Fair,
 Tells all he meets, he dies with Pain
 Unless they hear his Pray'r.

He Vows and Swears he long has born
 Their Beauties mighty Pow'r,
 Implores they'd not destroy with Scorn,
 But kindly yield a Cure.

Each lovely Nymph, as kind as fair,
 Believes the perjur'd Youth ;
 Tells him he need not long Despair
 If what he says is Truth.

With

With feigned Transport then possess,
He calls the Gods to take
Revenge, and all his Days molest,
If e'er his Oath he break.

Thus Constancy to all he swore,
But constant proves to none;
Told each he saw, he'd her adore,
And she shou'd rule alone.

The Nymphs thus wrong'd, to Love complain,
Beg he wou'd take their part,
And wound the false, the faithless Swain,
With his severest Dart.

Cupid in Anger draws his Bow,
Makes *Damon* feel its Pow'r,
Condemns him now to undergo
The Pain he feign'd before.

Tormented thus, each Fair he sues
To heal his raging Pain;
But now each Fair his Crimes accuse;
From all he meets Disdain.

60 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

He prays, they don't his Prayers regard,
They fly, still he pursues,
Dies with Despair; a Just Reward
For all his broken Vows.



*Writ in a Young LADY'S
Prayer-book.*

THIS Book to you will uselefs be
Till you learn how to Love like me.
Cloe, if you e'er Hope to move
The Sacred Pow'rs that dwell above,
Then pity me, who am in Love:
For Heaven will no Mercy show,
To those who Tyrannize below:
Your Prayers will never reach the Skies
If you still Murther with your Eyes,



O N

PHILLIS.

P*hillis* has each enchanting Art
That can the Soul ensnare ;
First wins her Lover's easy Heart,
Then wracks him with Despair.

With tempting Looks and flatt'ring Smiles
Too soon a Conquest gains ;
Makes him a Slave to all her Wiles,
Then leaves him in his Chains.

G

Impe-

62 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Imperious, she does Tyrannize,
And wounds each harmless Swain ;
First soothes his Hope with matchless Joys,
Then gives eternal Pain.

Ye Youths, who han't already known
The Magick of her Eyes,
Be rul'd, and from the Enchantress run,
Lest you become her Prize.

The Hook does lye beneath the Bait,
With Smiles she'll draw you on ;
But soon you'll find, when 'tis too late,
You're by her Frowns undone.



ADVICE



ADVICE

TO

Miranda.

MADAM,

Y Our beaut'ous Charms are to Perfection grown,
And Nature seems to boast of you alone ;
Sh' has shown the utmost that her Art can do,
Admires her Skill t'have form'd a Work so true ;
The just Proportion that your Features join,
Show they were fashion'd by a Hand Divine.

64 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Miranda, since the Gods have took such Care
To make you, as their own lov'd Angels, fair,
You ought, while Young, t'increase the beaut'ous
Here,

That future Ages may your Charms adore.

All Flesh is frail, and subject to Decay;
And fairest Lillies soonest fade away:
Youth hath it's Springs, and when the Season's o'er,
It fades and falls, and never rises more.
The Gods design'd, that our Posterity
Shou'd share the Happiness as well as we:
You ought to act what Nature's Laws require,
And not with you to let your Charms expire.

When Cruel Death the Fatal Blow shall give,
In spite of him, your Charms will then survive,
Your Beaut'ous Form in future Ages shine,
And be as Lasting as it is Divine.



ON



O N
C Æ L I A.

SEE with what Majesty she goes ;
Her awful Front a Goddess shows,
And in her Looks such Graces shine
As speak the Nymph to be Divine :
Her Charms in them wou'd raise a Fire,
Where Impotence had chill'd Desire.
Just thus appear'd the Queen of Love,
When *Juno* and *Minerva* strove
On *Ida's* Top, which of the three
Shou'd to the Apple Heirefs be.

66 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

When *Paris* sat to hear the Suir,
And to decide the grand Dispute,
In vain Proud *Juno* promis'd Crowns,
Immortal Honour and Renown ;
In vain *Minerva* promis'd Wit,
And Conquest to attend on it ;
The Shepherd scorn'd those lofty Toys,
And much more priz'd his Country Joys :
His Soul Ambition cou'd not move ;
That only cou'd be done by Love.

Fair *Venus* found the Truth of this,
When she declar'd he shou'd possess
The fairest Form the Earth e'er blest.
The Shepherd, who was Deaf before
To *Juno*'s Pride, and *Pallas* Pow'r,
No longer with himself bethought
Which of the three shou'd have his Vote,
But strait to *Venus* gave the Ball ;
From whence her *Beauty's Queen* we call.

But shou'd fair *Venus* strive once more,
For th' Golden Ball, as heretofore,
And *Callia* stand Competitor ;
Shou'd *Paris*, with impartial Eyes,
Then to the fairest judge the Prize ;
Venus wou'd now rejected be,
And *Callia* own'd the Deity.

3



Sent



*Sent a Young LADY,
with her Picture.*

THE Painter begs, that you'd excuse his Art,
His Pencil fail'd him in the nicest Part :
Fain he'd have drawn the Lustre of your Eyes,
Whose Glances each Beholder's Heart surprize.

But found, alas! 'tis more than he can do ;
For 'tis no easy Task to Copy you ;
• Nature in you her utmost has exprest,
And Painters can but imitate at best.

To



TO LOVE.

THOU mighty GOD, thou Ruler of Mankind,
Be to my Pray'r propitiously inclin'd;
Oh ! hear your Slave, who faithfully and long
Has serv'd thy Pow'r, and then redress his Wrong :
Bend stubborn *Celia's* unrelenting Heart ;
Pierce it, oh ! Pierce it with thy fatal Dart ;
Let her, like me, know what it is to bear
The raging Pains of Love, and to Despair.

Let the fair Scornor by Experience find
What are the Torments of a Love-sick Mind.
With ev'ry Art I strive the Nymph to move,
And make her listen to my faithful Love.
I praise each Charm she has, and daily write
The softest Things that Passion can indite.

70 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

In mournful strains my Tortures I express,
In hopes she will at length my Pains redress.

In vain I write, in vain I sigh and mourn,
For I can meet with nothing but her Scorn.
Regardless of my Verse, no Flame she owns,
But dashes all my Hopes with killing Frowns.
And must I then still languish in my Fire ?
Must I still love, in vain must I desire ?
Oh ! for what Crime am I condemn'd to this ?
Why must I bear the Pain, but never taste the Bliss ?
Either take from me this unhappy Flame,
Or touch her Soul, that she may feel the same.





On seeing CYNTHIA
at Church.

SURE Heav'n will be propitious to our Prayers;
When Angels joyn with us, to offer theirs;
Almighty *Jove* will lend a list'ning Ear,
When *Cynthia* does become Petitioner.
The Words she utters, reach above the Skies,
And calms the Rage of angry Deities.
When Beaut'ous Charms are with Devotion join'd,
The Gods relent, and prove no more unkind:
They with the Offering delighted are,
When 'tis presented by a Hand so fair:
Nor will reject our humble Sacrifice,
While such an Angel at the Altar lies.

TO



T O

Mrs. ———

MADAM,

SHOU'D I be silent, shou'd I still conceal
My raging Passion, 'twou'd it self reveal.
And you must have perceiv'd my wild Despair,
Unless you're more Insensible than Fair:
My Eyes, my Sighs, and all my Motions shew
I Love, I Languish, and I Die for you.

Cou'd you behold my Trembling and Surprise,
And how I've feasted on your dazling Eyes;
Cou'd you behold my Soul with Rapture mov'd,
Cou'd you behold it, and not think I lov'd?
I from your Charms a thousand Ills endure,
Unless you've Pity to afford a Cure.

New Miscellaneous Poems. 73

As far as you your beauteous Sex excel,
From common Tortures are the Pains I feel.
Cou'd I describe to you, but half my Pain,
You wou'd not strive t'increase it with Disdain.

Think, O thou Charmer ! think what 'tis to bear
The Wracks and Tortures of a wild Despair :
Think what it is to spend whole Nights and Days
Without the Respire of a moment's Ease :
Think what it is, to have before my Eyes
A View of Heaven, and ne'er must taste its Joys :
Then think what 'tis, to have your lovely Charms
Within my Sight, yet absent from my Arms. —

Let not my Love offend, nor let it meet,
Instead of thine, with Anger, Scorn, or Hate :
Permit me, if my Flame deserves no more,
To tell how much I languish and adore ;
To shew the Torture that my Soul endures,
That's form'd for you, and can be only

Yours.

H

TO



T O

Lucinda.

Permit a Youth, your Charms did first subdue,
 To tell you how he is undone by you ;
 Permit him at your Feet to lay his Heart,
 Which, from your Eyes receiv'd the fatal Dart ;
 Allow him that small Ease to all his Pain,
 To hear his Passion, free from cold Disdain.

O ! that I cou'd in such soft Numbers write,
 As might some Pity in your ^{own} Soul excite :
 I Love ; but, ah ! that Word is too too faint,
 To show how I adore my charming Saint,

I burn, I dye, and all those Pains endure,
Which a despairing Passion can procure,
And you alone, are capable to cure.

}
}

I stood amaz'd, when first your Charms I saw,
Charms that an Anch'rite from his Vows wou'd draw.
I lock'd, and in your Face such Beauties shone,
That I no sooner view'd, but was undone,
And thro' my Blood new Flames, like Lightning,
run.

}
}

Fair Helen never ravish'd Paris more,
When first he saw her on the Grecian Shore ;
Nor was the Shepherd with those Flames possess'd
Which you, fair Nymph, have kindled in my Breast.

In vain I strive t' expel the Tyrant God,
And from my Breast remove th' uneasy Load :
Love is a Pow'r that rules with Sov'reign sway:
And forces all Mankind his Laws t' obey.
Oh! that he may have touch'd your tender Heart,
And made you feel the same almighty Dart !
That you, convinc'd of what I underge,
Some Pity to your dying Swain may show.

76 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

'Tis you alone, that caus'd, can heal my Pain,
And, as you wounded, make me whole again.

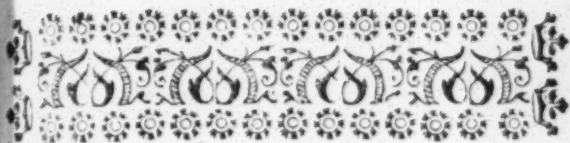
What Pleasure can it be, for one, so Fair,
To drive the Youth, that loves her, to Despair?
What Glory will on such an Action wait?
And who will think 'twas not too hard a Fate?
Ev'n you your self, shou'd you inflict it now,
When I am gone, wou'd think 'twas Cruel too:
Let Pity rather to your Form be join'd,
And as your Beauty's matchless, let your Mind
Alike excel the rest of Womankind.



Ex-



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With



ENJOYMENT.

HAste, *Phœbus* haste, and quickly run
The tedious Course thou hast begun,
Drive faster, drive thy Chariot on :

Quench all my Fires, put out thy Light,
And draw the Curtains of the Night ;
The Night, that is the Lovers Friend,
That does their am'rous Torments end :

I mean that blest, that happy Night,
When the kind Fair one does permit

The Youth to revel in her Arms,
And feast him with her lovely Charms ;

Such as this coming Night will be
(If all things happen right) to me :

For *Celia* now consents, and I
With longing Expectation die :

78 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

I burn, I languish in my Fire,
 Am wrack'd and tortur'd with Desire,
 Till that blest Moment does arrive,
 That yields me all that Love can give.
 Till closely clasp'd in her Embrace,
 Lips join'd to Lips, and Face to Face,
 In those soft Pleasures I'm possess'd,
 That for a God wou'd be a Feast:
 Fly, fly, ye ling'ring Minutes, fly,
 And let me taste Felicity.

See, see; at length the Day is fled,
 And *Phæbus* now has hid his Head,
 Is gone to meet, in *Thetis* Arms,
 What I expect from *Calia's* Charms.

She comes, and at the sight my Blood
 Boils in a more impetuous Flood.
 New Pleasures circle in each Vein,
 Which I'm scarce able to sustain;
 It chills, it melts my ravish'd Heart,
 And runs with Joy thro' ev'ry part.

In close Embraces now we're join'd,
Legs, Arms and Thighs together twin'd,
With Ardour not to be exprest,
We breath our Souls into each Breast.
Ye Gods! the Rapture! oh, the Bliss!
Our Souls both melted at a Kiss:
In Floods of Joy dissolv'd we lie,
And with the Transport of the Pleasure die.



On



On the same.

BE—ever blest! 'twas in that place
 I first beheld the Beauties of her Face.
 Almighty Love, that kindly lent me Aid,
 I came, I saw, I vanquish'd and enjoy'd,
 More swift than Lightning, shot into her Arms,
 And left despairing Beauties for her Charms :
 I found her fair and bount'ous in her Mind,
 Averse to Hatred, and to Love inclin'd ;
 Of easy Nature, moulded for to please,
 Serene as *June*, and calm as *Halcyon* Seas ;
 Jocular in Language, dazzling in her Eyes,
 Profuse of Gifts, and lib'ral of her Joys,
 In ev'ry part indulgent Nature's Care.
 Her Skin like Snow, and ambient was her Hair :

Her

New Miscellaneous Poems. 81

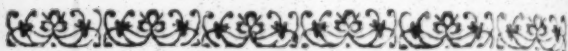
Her just Proportion, shew'd the Work compleat,
Her Shape was lovely, and her Voice was sweet.
I burnt like *Ætna*, tortur'd with Desires;
She met my Flames, and cool'd my raging Fires.
I first to secret Sin did her entice,
And blasted Virtue, with the Storms of Vice.
Her blooming Beauties gather'd, left her Shame,
Her darling Honour Ravish'd, and her Fame,
And as a Mountain Lyon wanting Food,
Or famish'd Wolf that's hunting after Blood,
Impatiently I snatch'd my Lovely Prey,
That lay transported with th' excessive Joy:
Her Beaut'ous Arms, about my Waist she cast,
And, I in Rapture hugg'd her Soul as fast;
Succeeding Kisses did her Breath restore,
And Joys she found, the never felt before:
In furious Bliss we liv'd, and fierce Delight,
Converting lazy Day to pleasing Night.

Not fifteen Years this tender Plant had grown;
I pluck'd the fragrant Rose, before 'twas blown,
And seiz'd her Virgin-Treasures as my own.

Whilst

82 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Whilst on her snowy Breasts entranc'd I lay,
Swelt'ring in Bliss, and revelling Life away ;
Each happy Hour we greedily improve,
And largely Feast upon the Joys of Love.



TO
P H I L L I S.

P*Hillis*, why thou'd you me disdain,
Because I can't, as *Ægon* can,
Present you with a thousand Toys,
Instead of more substantial Joys ?
'Tis just, that he his Bliss shou'd buy,
T' atone for his Deficiency :
But I, who am in blooming Spring,
A much-more-grateful Tribute bring :

That your Feet can lay a Heart,
That's full of Love, in ev'ry part ;
Can quench those Fires, which his Old Age
Can only raise, but not assuage.

Phillis, for once, take my Advice,
Th' old Dotard's sordid Wealth despise ;
Bid the old Sot march with his Cash,
And tell him, you contemn the Trass ;
And then let me his place supply :
I'll hold my Life, when once you try
The Change, you'll by Experience find,
That I advis'd you as a Friend.)



To



To the same.

WHene'er I ask your Love, I'm sure
 To meet this Answer ; Why you're poor,
 Faith, Madam, 'tis too true, that I
 Am dealt with somewhat scurvily
 By Madam *Chance* : But why shou'd you,
 Because she slights me, slight me too ?
 Beauty's a thing, not to be Sold ;
 Or, if it were, —————
 'Tis Love shou'd buy it, and not Gold.
 Besides you've got sufficient store,
 And can't in Conscience ask for more.
 You only therefore shou'd prefer
 The am'rous Youth that's constant and sincere.

To



To the same.

Phillis, forbear to use your Cruelty,
Nor turn your bright disdainful Eyes from me.
No more the Signs of Indignation show,
Nor dart revengeful Ruin from your Brow :
No more let Frowns on that lov'd Face be worn :
Let tempting Smiles, each dazzling Grace adorn :
No more be deaf to all my humble Pray'rs,
Laugh at my solemn Oaths, nor slight my Tears.

I'll, in return, your endless Praise rehearse,
And make your Name immortal in my Verse :
Your Charms the stoutest Hero shall subdue,
And ev'ry Beauty veil her Crest to you.
Where'er your tender Feet you hap to tread,
The Hyacinth shall raise its flagrant Head,

86 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

The Jonquil, Vi'let, and the Rose shall grow,
And cast *Ambrosian* Odours, where you go.
The warbling Nightingale's melodious Strains
Disperse your Praise thro' Valleys, Woods and Plains
Birds, Beasts and Fishes shall with wonder gaze,
And pay Submission to your charming Face :
Each am'rous Swain shall thy lov'd Charms relate,
Each Neigh'ring Hill no other Name repeat.



O N

CHLOE.

C*Hloe* is handsome, brisk, and gay,
And gets new Lovers ev'ry Day ;
For in her Eyes doth dwell
A Secret and a Pow'rful Charm,
That would the coldest Hermit warm,
And draw him from his Cell,

When

When first I saw her, I believ'd
An Angel's Form my Sight deceiv'd,
So graceful was her Mein :
And surely Angels cannot be
More bright, than is this Lovely She,
Who is of Beauty Queen.

How happy will the Youth be then,
Who does with matchless Truth obtain
Possession of her Heart !
To meet with such a Pow'rful Cure,
The worst of Tortures I'd endure,
And laugh at all the Smart.





O N

Marriage.

AS *Damon*, who had hardly sped
 In Wedlock's heavy Chains,
 His tender Flock with *Thyrsis* fed
 Upon the smiling Plains,
 Thus to the Youth the Sage exclaim'd,
 And the curs'd Hour, in which he Marry'd, damn'd.

 Wouldst thou, my Friend, in Pleasure live,
 Nor thy Repose destroy ?
 Wouldst thou the Bliss that Youth can give,
 Without Remorse enjoy ?

Ch:

Oh! shun that fatal Rock, a Wife,
That galls thy Days with endless Plagues and
Strife.

For when, at last, you have attain'd
The great mysterious Bliss,
When you have that strange Something gain'd,
And find how fleeting 'tis,
You'll curse the fond and am'rous Heat,
And find out quickly who's the greatest Cheat.



O N

CHLOE *Mask'd.*

THAT stately, lovely, charming Shade
So gracefully does move,
'Tis *Venus* sure, in Masquerade
Descended from above.

90 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

From ev'ry Part such Graces shine,
Her gay majestick Air
And Motion, speak her all Divine ;
It is some Heav'nly Fair.

Yet sure that Form, before I've seen,
That moves so smooth along ;
That comely Shape and Angel's Mein
To *Chloe* do belong.

Chloe ! in vain you thus conceal
Your Lustre from our Eyes ;
Your beaut'ous Charms themselves reveal,
In spight of the Disguise.

The splendid Sun does gild the Cloud
That hides its glorious Light ;
And tho' you all your Beauties shroud,
They still appear in sight.



The



The V I S I T.

I Went to see my Dear, but she
No sooner saw my Face,
Than in Disdain she turn'd away,
And left me in a Maze.

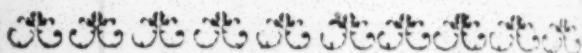
I follow'd, ask'd her what might be
The Cause she us'd me so :
She look'd upon me sullenly,
And, pouting, bid me go.

Pox take your Jilting Tricks, said I,
Have I this Scorn deserv'd ?
Have I done ought ? If not, then why
Am I thus basely serv'd ?

92 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

All in a Rage, I curs'd and swore,
To turn my Love to Hate,
Resolv'd that I wou'd never more
Come near the base Ingrate.

At that she cast a tempting Smile,
And shew'd me such new Charms,
I stood, to think upon't, a while,
Then fled into her Arms.



A S O N G.

Damon, for Love, still meets Disdain,
The Nymph makes no Return;
All she affords, to heal his Pain,
Is, to reward with Scorn.

The

—then attack'd on —

The more he begs she'd hear his Vows,

The more she still denies :

The faster he her Steps pursues,

She still the faster flies.

At length she leaves her hasty Flight,

And turns to meet the Swain.

Surpris'd she's now, to find him slight

What he pursu'd with Pain.

My Crime (she crys) I see too late ;

I shew'd my Flames too soon :

If I had still repaid with Hate,

I'd had him still my own.

Ye Lovely Nymphs! in time beware ;

Nor yield your Hearts too soon,

Lest my unhappy Fate you share,

And are, like me, undone.



The



The RESOLUTION.

I Swore my self a mortal Foe,
 And vow'd that I wou'd never bow
 To Love, or yield my Liberty
 To such a trifling Deity.
 The Youngster smil'd, and said, I'll try
 Who shall be Master, you or I.
 Immediately from me he flies,
 And takes his Stand in *Celia's* Eyes :
 From thence he quickly shot a Dart,
 Which stuck directly in my Heart :
 I try'd, alas ! to pull it out,
 But all in vain, I cou'd not do't.
 I found, too soon, I was betray'd,
 In trusting to weak Reason's Aid,
 Who, at Love's Approach, took Wing and fled.
 While I was calm, from Passion free,
 He swore to me Fidelity.

But

But when attack'd on ev'ry side,
He left me, like a faithless Guide,
To stem, alone, the rolling Tide.



Thus, when kind Fortune fills our Sails,
And drives us on with prosp'rous Gales,
A thousand fawning Friends will wait,
And court our then too happy Fate ;
But when a Cloud appears, they fly,
And shun the new Calamity,
Contemn their Vows, and take their first Alarm,
And leave their Friend to weather out the Storm.





O N
C Æ L I A.

O F all the Nymphs that trod the flow'ry Green,
Than *Celia* there was none more charming
seen ;

With Joy each Youth beheld her lovely Face,
With ev'ry Charm adorn'd, with ev'ry Grace ;
Her Eyes an universal Empire bore,
And none e'er saw 'em, but soon felt their Power.

Among the num'rous Crowd of sighing Swains
My Fate had-destin'd me to wear her Chains ;
Long I ador'd her, and had often strove
To make the Fair one grant me Love for Love.
Long she deny'd me; but at length she own'd
Her Gen'rous Flame, and all my Wishes crown'd.

Gods!

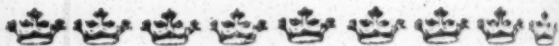
Gods! with what Rapture was my Soul possess'd,
 When the dear Charmer lay upon my Breast,
 And the soft God, and all his Pow'r, confess'd!
 Eternal Constancy I swore, and the
 With frequent Vows return'd the like to me.
 Hear me, ye Gods! she cry'd, by you I swear,
 Who Lovers Oaths in Heav'n register;
 May all my Wishes ne'er successful prove,
 If I any other Youth except my *Damen* love.
 Princes themselves to me thou'd sue in vain,
 For I'd before 'em all prefer my faithful Swain.

With pleasing Joy I heard the charming Maid,
 Transported with the tender things she said;
 She look'd more bright, a thousand Graces rise,
 Dance in her Face, and revel in her Eyes:
 I saw soft Sighs heave up her panting Breast,
 I saw and felt what cannot be express'd:
 Trembling with Transport in my Arms she lay,
 While I did ev'ry lovely Charm survey.

Her former Coldness now was laid aside,
 And I a thousand Liberties enjoy'd,
 Which only with a few faint struggles she deny'd.

98 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

This Dalliance quickly rais'd unruly Fires,
Raging and boundless were my mad Desires;
I prest, and in one happy Minute gain'd
The Prize, which Sacred had till now remain'd.
I now pass'd ev'ry Day in full Delight,
But much more happy did I spend the Night:
'Twas then I revel'd in the Joys of Love,
And surfeited on Bliss, as great as that above.



The Disappointment.

IN Sleep dissolv'd, upon my Bed
I lay one silent Night,
When a deceitful Dream convey'd
This Vision to my Sight.

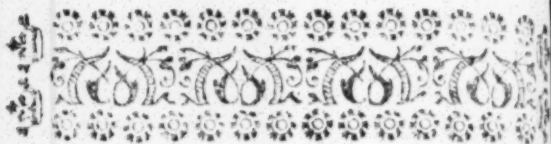
Met thought I saw my lovely Maid,
And free from all Disguise ;
A Softness in her Looks she had,
And Passion in her Eyes.

With eager Joy I quickly fled,
And clasp'd her in my Arms ;
With Kisses on her Lips I fed,
And run o'er all her Charms.

When as I, with too eager haste,
Pursu'd my lovely Prize,
Waking, the Phantom vanish'd straight
From my deluded Eyes.

Thus when *Ixion* thought t' embrace
Great *Jove's* immortal Dame,
A fleeting Cloud, put in her place,
Dash'd his presumptuous Flame.





T O

Lucinda.

TELL me, *Lucinda*, prithee tell me how
I've merited this cold Disdain from you?
To you my Youth and earliest Vows I gave,
And at first Sight confest my self your Slave:
My Liberty I lost, and to your Eyes
Resign'd my Soul a willing Sacrifice;
I look'd no farther, but surrender'd all,
And thought 'twas glorious by such Charms to fall
My new-born Flame presented to my view
Vast coming Joys, and urg'd me to pursue
The mighty Bliss I hop'd to find in you.



New Miscellaneous Poems. 101

I felt new Pleasures and unknown Desires,
Strange are the Thoughts a Woman's Charms in-
spires :

'Twas Angel all that first appear'd to Sight
And fill'd my Soul with Rapture and Delight :
But, oh ! I little thought that I shou'd find
That Angel's Form a Covert to a Fiend.
On sighing at your Feet I trembling lay,
And curs'd the time that past so fast away,
For I had always something new to say.

}
}

A Generous Return for this you've made,
And I'm, for all my Love, by you betray'd :
With smiling Flattery you drew me on,
That I might more compleatly be undone.

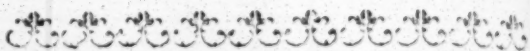
But tho' o'er me you once cou'd boast Command,
Your Empire, Tyrant, now is at an end ;
I neither value any Smile nor Frown,
This can't transport me, nor that cast me down :
Like you, I disavow all future Flame,
And from my Heart raze out your hated Name.
For other Cullies now your Arts prepare,
For I've found out, and so can shun the Snare ;

K 3

I'm

102 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

I'm Proof against your Charms, I'll love no more,
But furiously disdain what I ador'd before ;
I from the loathsome Banks will smoothly flee
Into the Arms of some more faithful Fair.



*On the Death of Mr.
John Pell.*

HE's gone ! the Youth is mounted up on high,
To meet his Kindred- Angels in the Sky :
With Joy from hence he took his hasty flight,
To reach the Regions of Eternal Light ;
Left all his Friends, that knew him here below,
Involv'd in endless Sorrow, endless Woe.

Alas ! how fleeting are our greatest Joys !
One Hour, one Minute all our Hopes destroys ;

New Miscellaneous Poems. 103

For 'tis, — 'tis so ordain'd by cruel Fate,
That greatest Blessings have the shortest Date;
Sent for a while, they make a swift Retreat,
Lest we the Author of them shou'd forget,
Th's we may see in him we now lament,
Whose time in Virtue's Road was wholly spent;
With that he strove to cultivate his Mind,
To ev'ry thing that's Great and Good inclin'd;
Shunn'd all those Vices, that on Youth attend,
And which prove often fatal in the end.
His early Dawn of Knowledge did presage
A noble Harvest in a riper Age:
A solid Judgment too to that was join'd,
And seem'd by Heav'n for some great Work design'd.
His lofty Genius to such Heights did move,
Wisdom he follow'd with such ardent Love, }
As shou'd he was inspired from above.
Oh! had you heard the melting Sounds that hung
(When he but talk'd) upon his Silver Tongue!
He charm'd each Hearer with his Eloquence:
So soft his Language was, so strong his Sense,
That all with silent Admiration stood
To hear the charming Words that from him flow'd.

Fair

104 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

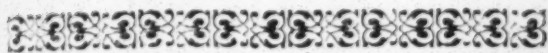
Fair was his Person, lovely was his Face,
By Nature's Bounty blest with ev'ry Grace;
A Manly Air, which in his Looks did shine,
Show'd him the Offspring of a worthy Line.
So perfect was he form'd in ev'ry part,
With ease he gain'd on each Beholder's Heart.

But now, alas! these Graces all are fled,
For *Strephon* (oh that fatal Word!) is dead;
His unrelenting Fate has snatch'd him hence,
Without regard to Beauty, Wit or Sense,
A sad Disease * snatch'd hence the lovely Swain,
And of its greatest Glory robb'd the Plain:
These few poor Lines my melancholy Muse
In Mem'ry of her Friend cou'd not refuse;
Howe'er, unfit to sing her *Strephon's* Praise,
She wou'd attempt, tho' in improper Lays:
Tho' void of Pomp, in Sorrow she may mourn,
And drop a Tear upon the Sacred Urn.

A Worthier Bard, for such a Task more fit
To future Times his Virtues will transmit;

* *Small Pox.*

Elest with a rich and more immortal Vein,
Will sing his Patron in a nobler Strein ;
His ev'ry Charm more justly will rehearse
To all the World, in never-dying Verse :
And shall, by spreading happy *Strephon's* Fame,
Gain to himself an everlasting Name.



*To a Friend in the
Country.*

WHile you (my Friend) enjoy the Rural Air,
And ev'ry Blessing of the Country share,
Where the fine Prospect of the Woods and Fields
A thousand Pleasures to the Fancy yields ;
Where a cool Shade and softly-murm'ring Spring
Do to the Mind a grateful Quiet bring ;

From

106 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

From me, that am detain'd in Town, receive
 That Friendship which the truest Soul can give.
 Oh ! that kind Heav'n wou'd grant a list'ning Ear,
 And be propitious to my humble Pray'r ;
 In some fair Village wou'd I chuse a Seat,
 Where from the noisy World I might retreat ;
 There, free from Envy, wou'd I pass my Days,
 And run with Pleasure my allotted Race :
 No farther then shou'd my Desires extend,
 But for a lovely She and faithful Friend ;
 The first, to season Life with balmy Joys ;
 The last, to be my Refuge for Advice,
 When Ratling Storms and Cloudy Tempests rise ;
 One in whose Trust I safely might confide ;
 One who wou'd keep his Faith ———
 When Dangers prest his Friend on ev'ry side :
 These wou'd I make the Subjects of my Verse,
 Their Godlike Virtues to the World rehearse :
 Each list'ning Wood, and ev'ry secret Grove
 Shou'd witness to my Friendship and my Love.

But Fate (my Friend) that Blessing has detain'd,
 And me, unhappy me ! in Town has chain'd.

Where

Where interrupted Nights, and noisy Days
Prevent my Pleasure, and disturb my Peace :
Yet neither let me too ungrateful prove
To those indulgent Pow'rs, who rule above,
For had I ne'er this Faction's City seen,
I ne'er had happy in your Friendship been ;
And that's a Happiness, which I prefer
To all the other Troubles which I bear.
Believe me, Friend, for Flattery I hate,
Nor has my Muse been practis'd in Deceit,
She speaks the real Dictates of my Heart,
And scorns to act the Hypocrite's false Part.

But now, for this, your Pardon I implore,
In Prose I've often troubl'd you before :
I've chang'd the Scene, to give your Mind some Ease,
Variety, makes Nonsense sometimes please.
forgive at least, altho' you can't commend,
The kind Endeavours of your Faithful Friend.
Adieu, ——— and may you make a quick Return,
And bless the Sight of him, who does your Absence
mourn.

The



The NUNNERY.

IN ancient Times, when *Rome's* fat Priests did
reign,
Converting to their Faith, the *British* Swain ;
When by their wicked Spells and magick Tricks,
They gain'd Applauses of both Age and Sex ;
There was a Doctor of the *Roman* Brood,
Skill'd in fam'd Projects for the Brotherhood :
Many long Days he liv'd as Princes do,
Unknown to meagre Misery and Woe :
Twice forty Suns shone o'er his graceful Head,
The next Fate cast him Pris'ner on his Bed.
Calling about him all the vicious Train,
This his last Will springs from his pregnant Brain :
Listen, my Friends ; E'er long I shall depart,
To leave you thus already grieves my Heart :

Me-

New Miscellaneous Poems. 109

Methinks, I cou'd with you for ever dwell,
Were't not for Brethren already now in Hell:
There 'tis I go, new Mansions to prepare
For you, my Friends, against I see you there.

But something still, flicks heavy at my Heart,
I fear you will from *Rome's* pure Faith depart.
My tender Love for all her Sacred Laws,
Made me a Champion in her Holy Cause:
Live stedfast, Friends, be true, nor stir a Foot,
Tho' Heav'n and all it's Angels bribe you to't:
Be sure lay *Hereticks* beneath your Feet,
Tuns of their Blood will make your Prayers more
sweet;
Then when you Die, we'll hear the Church's Complaints,
And take you in the number of the Saints.

E'er I proceed, I charge you, on your Life,
Never to Marry, ne'er to take a Wife,
For 'tis a Dangerous Omen to our Trade,
To keep a Constant Partner in our Bed.
For then some foolish Priest will Virtuous grow,
And the *Erasmus* will your Secrets show,
Those Secrets which none but yours selves should
know.

L

There-

110 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Therefore 'tis my Advice, to get a Place
 Built strong with Stone, with Iron and with Brick,
 This at the Peoples charge will soon be giv'n,
 When you pronounce, 'tis the Decree of Heav'n;
 Around erect a Wall, a Wall so high
 As if it meant to touch the Lofty Sky,
 With Iron Bars and Grates enclose it well,
 Make the Doors stronger than the Gates of Hell
 This finish'd, to the list'ning World proclaim,
 You built this Structure in *Jehovah's* Name,
 And, by a Revelation from on high,
 An Angel christen'd it a *Nunnery* :
 Then thus proceed. — Ye Damsels that will go
 To Heav'n, and dwell with Blessed Angels too,
 W^e invite you here, to take your Ease and Rest,
 To dwell for ever with the Good and Best,
 This said (and by a Priest) they'll soon comply;
 For who will think a Priest can tell a Lye ?
 Thus to your spacious Lure, the Damsels come,
 No doubt fine Creatures, charming Creatures some,
 Beauties Divine, wou'd make old Flesh to rise,
 Fill with new Blood your Veins, new Charms your
 Eyes :

These

New Miscellaneous Poems. III

These pent for ever closely in your Grounds,
(Death to the Girl that passes o'er her Bounds)
Soon squeamish Nature will cry out, I faint,
Green Sickness seizes me, something I want.
They can't refrain, it is impossible, I know,
Rather than none, they will a Priest take to ;
For we can sooner die than leave the Game,
Much less a Woman hide her wanton Flame,
Nature compels 'em to the needful Task,
And, if you will not profer, they will ask.

This in succeeding Ages shall be done,
Priests shall discharge themselves upon a Nun ;
'Tis that will keep them stedfast to their Trades,
Having an income of pure Maidenheads.
Who wou'd not thus forsake the Cursed Strife,
And hate the nauseous Surfeits of a Wife ?
Thus to caress, thus Nightly to enjoy
Beauties divine, Beauties that cannot cloy.
Ripe to be prest, the willing Damseis spread
Their Iv'ry Limbs upon the trembling Bed ;
Mean while a Priest, that's us'd to th' leach'rous
Game,
At one assault quenches the raging Flame.

112 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Oh! that I were to live an Age or two,
To Revel in their Arms, dear Friends, with you:
But now my Time is past, and I must go,
Where all our Friends depart, to th' Shades below.

My Friend, in all things seem both right and just,
You know it is the Duty of a Priest,
Therefore be sure an *Argus* with his Eyes
Guard at the Entrance of the *Nunneries*,
Or else, perhaps, you'll have some waggish Blade
Creep in, and so discover all your Trade.
Besides, that no disguised Lad come near
In Masquerade, to revel with the Fair,
Keep an old Matron, but she must be true,
Or else, perhaps, she will discover you:
Let her search all the Virgins that appear,
That none with a Male Weapon enter there.

Lastly, compleat your Projects in the Night,
Stay not to see the Day's approaching Light:
This strictly minded, you must deeds do well,
And make a many Proselytes for Hell.
Now Friends draw near; I find, alas! I faint;
Once I your Priest, but now must be your Saint.

But

New Miscellaneous Poems. 113

But once again, e'er I give up my Breath,
This Legacy I to my Friends bequeath :
Dissect me, and my Skin with Crimson dye,
And place it in the finest Nunnery.
There Virgins will repair to see Man's Shape,
Ready on Effigy to act a Rape :
This for your Purpose soon will make 'em grow,
And long the real Piece to see and know.
And then —————
—Alas, my fault'ring Tongue grows dumb,
I melt away, great *Lucifer* is come :
Farewel, my Friends, my Children, now farewel ;
I trust to see you once again, in H——





T O

Miranda.

THE bright *Miranda* is the Nymph I prize,
 The best regarded Treasure of my Eyes,
 The grateful Theme of ev'ry Thought by Day,
 The Charm to chace intruding Cares away ;
 By Night, the pleasing Prospect of my Dreams,
 My Guide in Storms, and Anchor in Extreams.

As oft as to our dazl'd Sense you rise,
 A thousand Hearts are vanquish'd by your Eyes :
 For while on your resistless Charms we gaze,
 Darkness appears on ev'ry other Face :
 Your num'rous Trophies own their fatal Might,
 And none escape unwounded from your Sight.

The



The Story of
Pyramus and Thisbe,
From the Fourth Book of
OVID's Metamorphosis.

IN *Babylon*, whose lofty Walls were built
By *Ninus* Wife, a Youthful Pair there dwelt ;
He *Pyramus*, and she was *Thisbe* nam'd,
Both for their charming Beauty highly fam'd :
Their Houses join'd, from thence their Passion came,
And length of Time increas'd the growing Flame,

In

116 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

In *Hymen's* Bonds they wou'd have join'd their
Hands,

But were prevented by their Friends Commands :

Both with the same Desires and Wishes burn'd,

And both their Parents cruel Order mourn'd ;

With Nods and Signs their Passion was reveal'd,

Which rag'd the more, the more it was conceal'd.

The Wall between their Houses had a Cleft,
Which by the Builders negligence was left ;

The Fault had unobserv'd for Ages been,

Love spy'd it, by the Lovers first 'twas seen.

'Twas there to meet the eager Lovers strove,

And kindly talk and whisper out their Love.

Oft, as they us'd to stand on either side,
They'd blame the Wall that Lovers did divide,
And cry, Ah ! envious Wall to our Design,
What wou'd it be to you to let us join ?

Or if, alas ! that were too great a Bliss,

Sure you, at least, might suffer us to Kiss :

Yet we confess your Kindness, nor deny

That we're oblig'd for what we now enjoy,

New Miscellaneous Poems. 117

We own the Favour that this Cleft affords,
A Passage to our Ears for pleasing Words.

Thus wou'd they talk, till gloomy Night came on,
Then deeply sigh, to think they must be gone;
Both fondly Kiss the Wall on either side.
Striving to meet, tho' enviously deny'd,
Then softly murmur'd out a kind Farewel,
Tho' each had still a thousand things to tell,

The Morn did now its usual Course renew,
And Sol had from the Grass exhal'd the Dew;
The Lovers to their wonted Place return,
With equal Ardour meet, with equal Ardour
burn,
And adverse Fate in Strains pathetick mourn.
At last their Parents they resolve to cheat,
And in a neighb'ring Wood at Night to meet,
At *Minus* Tomb, near which a Tree there stood
Of lovely Fruit, the whitest in the Wood,
Its Root was fixt upon a Fountain's side,
Which there in murm'ring Streams did gently glide.

This

118 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

This being agreed, they with Impatience wait,
 And long for Night to favour the Deceit;
 Slowly did every Minute pass away,
 And *Phæbus* seem'd to lengthen-out the Day,
 But Darkness did at last invade the Skies,
 And *Thisbe* now deceives her watchful Spies;
 And covering with a Veil her charming Face,
 Bold with her Love, she reach'd th' appointed Place:
 When by the Moon's bright Light, as she sat there,
 A Lyonsess at distance did appear;
 Her foaming jaws with reeking Blood were stain'd,
 And to the Spring her Course she seem'd to bend,
 Affrighted at the sight, the trembling Maid
 To a dark Cave for Refuge swiftly fled,
 And left her Veil behind her in her speed.
 The Savage quickly to the Fountain came,
 And drinking largely of the liquid Stream,
 As to the Wood she now return'd again,
 She sees the Virgin's Garment on the Plain,
 Which with her Teeth the wanton Monster tears.
 And with her fatal bloody Mouth besmears.

But

But *Pyramus*, who later came from home,
And now had almost reach'd the wish'd-for Tomb,
Casting, in haste, his longing Eyes around,
The Monster's footing on the Sand he found,
And at the Sight turn'd pale, and fell upon the
Ground.

But when he saw with Blood her Garment stain'd,
Thus in a Rage the Lover streight complain'd.

My *Thisbe*, in one Night we'll meet our Fate,
Tho' thou wert worthy of a longer Date;
I caus'd thy Death, 'tis I'm to blame alone,
Wh' advis'd thee to this fatal Place to come,
And was not here to save thee from thy Doom,
Come, come, ye Lyons then, and now devour
My hated Body, drink my reeking Gore;
Tear, tear my Limbs, and stop my fleeting Breath:
But hold, —— 'tis Coward like to wish for Death.
This said, the Maid's unhappy Veil he bears
To th' appointed Tree, and soaks it with his Tears,
Then Kissing it, Receive, receive, he cry'd,
My flowing Blood, and with it too be dy'd:
So plung'd the fatal Sword into his Side;

And

120 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

And quickly drawing 't from the gushing Wound,
The sinoaking Blade he threw upon the Ground,
And as the Water, which thro' Pipes is brought,
If they are crack'd, in hissing Streams break out,
So did the Lover's Blood in whirling Eddies spout;
And running to the Tree, it reach'd the Root,
And to a Purple Colour chang'd the Fruit.

Now *Thisbe*, hardly from the Fright retir'd,
Returns, lest her fond Love shou'd be deceiv'd,
And by the way a tender Tale prepares
Of her late Dangers, and her later Fears:
But when she saw the Tree, how chang'd it was,
She thought she was mistaken in the Place,
Till in Confusion, as she doubting stood,
She saw her Lover weltring in his Blood;
Then starting back, and with the Sight dismay'd,
An Iv'ry Paleness did her Cheeks invade;
She trembled like the Surges of the Deep,
When the soft *Zephyrs* o'er their Surface sweep;
But when she found it was the Youth indeed,
A thousand Pass'nate Actions did succeed;
She tore her Hair, and beat her lovely Breast,
And in her Arms her dying Lover prest;

With

New Miscellaneous Poems. 121

With Tears she fill'd his Wounds, and as they flow'd,
She mixt her Weeping with the gushing Blood;
Then, printing Kisses on his Lips, she cry'd,
What fatal Chance did thus our Loves divide?
Oh, hear! thy *Thisbe* calls! oh, raise thy Head,
Give me some Sign that yet thou art not Dead,
At that dear Name, his Eyes, ev'n fixt in Death,
He open'd, view'd her, and resign'd his Breath.
Her Veil she then observ'd upon the Ground,
And the Youth's Sword, drawn from the Scabbard,
found.

By your own Hands (said she) I see you dy'd,
And by your fatal Love you are destroy'd;
But I have Courage too, as well as you,
And Love will give me strength to strike the blow,
Tho' Dead, I'll find you in the Shades below;
And future times, when they this Tale relate,
Shall say, Altho' the Cause, —————
Yet still, I was the kind Companion of thy Fate.
Since envious Death, who had the Pow'r alone
To separate us, has utmost Malice shown,
Yet he shall be deceiv'd, for I will share
Your Fate, and meet you whereso'er you are.

M

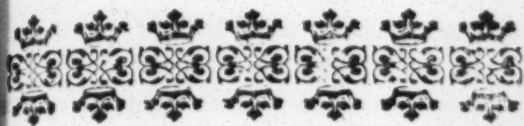
Oh,

122 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Oh ! ye, our too unhappy Parents, hear,
And grant, oh ! kindly grant, my latest Prayer,
That we, whom Love and Death did join, now Dead
In the same Tomb together may be laid :
And thou, [oh Tree ! whose Boughs are now a Shade
To one, must so to two be quickly made ;
The marks of our hard Fortune always bear,
And let your Fruit a mourning Colour wear.

This said, her self upon the Sword she throw'd,
Which yet was reeking with her Lover's Blood ;
Yet Heav'n did kindly her Petition hear ;
Their Parents too were touch'd with her last Prayer
The Fruit, when ripe, puts on a mourning Green
And the same Urn their Ashes does contain.





The Story of
Iphis and Anaxarete,
From the XIVth Book of
OVID'S *Metamorphosis.*

TO CÆLIA.

WHEN Great *Augustus*, by decrees of Fate,
Had quell'd his Foes, and gain'd the *Latian*
State.

When his brave *Romans*, free from War's Alarms,
Had now no longer need for useless Arms.

M 2

Then

124 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Then *Ovid* did with tender Stories move
 Their rougher Hearts, and taught 'em how to love,
 He sung *Corinna* in Immortal Strains,
 And taught her Beauties to the list'ning Swains.
 The Youths with Pleasure read his charming Lines,
 Which turn'd their Stubborn Souls for new Designs
 They long'd no more for Glory gain'd in War,
 But Love! superior Love! was now their only
 Care.

Each strove to find an Object for his Flame,
 And boldly then confess his Passion to his Dame.
 Told her the wond'rous Magick of her Eyes,
 In am'rous tender Words, and short-breath'd Sighs.
 That was the Language met with most Regard,
 For Passion then to Int'rest was preferr'd.
 No lovely Maid was by her Parents Sold,
 Or forc'd to take a Fop because h' had Gold.
 In usage too was Odious to the Fair,
 And not a Youth was driven to Despair. —

Thou *Celia* then, who art by Nature blest,
 With those bright Charms that are by few possess'd.
 Listen, oh! listen, to thy Swain's Complaint,
 And oh! with Pity at my Pains relent!

Hear

New Miscellaneous Poems. 125

Hear what the Gods to Cruel Maids have done,
Then let thy Favour now to me be shown,
And with a just return, my Faithful Passion crown.
A Story, sung by *Ovid*, I relate,
Of constant Love that was repaid with Hate.
But grant, my *Celia*, mine may be like *Ovid's* Fate.
Like him, let me enjoy the Sweets of Love,
Let me, like him, the mighty Pleasure prove,
Which happy Lovers here, and Gods possess
above.
Let me, altho' unworthy, let me find
That Thou, like his *Corinna*, art inclin'd
To one that loves sincerely to be kind.
Let me not be, like *Iphis*, doom'd to mourn
Unjust Disdain, and Love repaid with Scorn,
And in Tormenting Flames without Redress to
burn.
Descended from the Royal *Teucer's* Race
Anaxarete liv'd, with every Grace
Adorn'd, that cou'd become a beauteous Face.
This Maid, was by the wretched *Iphis* seen,
Whose Fortune and whose Birth to her's was mean.
He saw her, and he found, alas ! too soon,
A subtil Flame, which did like Lightning run,
Had fir'd his Blood, and settl'd in his Bone.

126 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

What shou'd he do ? at first, with Reason's Aid,
 He strove to cure the Wounds which Love had made,
 But Reason's Help prov'd fruitless all and vain,
 Or to expel the God, or ease his Pain.
 Then to her House he came, and there confess'd
 To the sage Nurse, the Torments of his Breast.
 Begg'd her, by all her Hopes, to help his Care,
 And show his Suff'rings to the haughty Fair,
 The Servants too he humbly try'd to win,
 And their Assistance begg'd to favour his Design.

With Passionate Letters oft had he essay'd
 To melt the Heart of the obdurate Maid.
 With Garlands oft, her Gates did he adorn,
 And oft, whole Nights, beneath her Windows
 mourn
 The unrelenting Fair one's cruel Scorn.
 But she, more deaf than raging Seas, more hard
 Than Steel or Rocks, unmov'd, had no regard,
 Or to his Passion wou'd return the least Reward.
 But scorns and flights him, and, t'increase his Grief,
 Robs him of Hope, the Lover's last Relief.

No longer cou'd th' Impatient *Iphis* bear
Usage like this, but driven to Despair,
Resolves to end his Days, with them his Care.
Yet e'er he executes his dire Intent,
Before her Door he makes this last Complaint.—

'Tis done——Thou cruel Maid! the fatal Hour
Draws near, when I shall trouble you no more.
Pleas'd with my Fall, with Triumph you may boast
That by your Scorn a Wretched Youth was lost,
Sing joyful Pæans then, inhuman Fair,
And round your Temples Wreaths of *Laurel* wear,
Something I'll do, at least shall grateful prove,
And show you, by my Death, how well I love.
Yet oh! remember, while I Life enjoy'd,
My latest Thoughts were all on you employ'd.
That all my Wishes still to you did tend,
But with my Life, nor cou'd my Passion end.
Nor shall it only be by Rumour said,
But you your self shall see that I am Dead;
Shall view my breathless Body with Delight,
And with the dismal Object gratify your Sight.

And

128 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

And ye, ye Pow'rs, if ye observe below
The Pains which wretched Lovers undergo,
Grant that my Name to future Times may live,
And for contracted Life, immortal Glory give.

This said, no longer he defers his Fate,
But ends his hapless Life before her Gate;
Op'ning the Door, the Servants with surprize
Behold the Youth, and fill the House with Cries;
Loud they lament, but all, alas! in vain,
For he was gone, —————
Never, ah! never to return again.

They took him up, and to his Mother bore
The Body, for his Sire was Dead before:
Co'd as he was, she claspt him to her Breast,
And in her Arms her Lifeless Son embrac'd.
Then for the darling of her Soul Laments,
And frantickly exclaims in loud Complaints. —

The Body next, with Crowds of mourning Friends,
The Mother to the Fun'ral Pile attends.

New Miscellaneous Poems. 129

By the Maid's House they pass, and fill the Skies,
With lamentable Groans, and dismal Cries.
The mournful Sounds soon reach'd her cruel Ears,
For whom a just Reward th' avenging God prepares.
Urg'd by her pressing Fate, Let's see (she cries)
This miserable Lover's Obsequies.
She came, and saw but soon as she beheld ;
Th' unhappy Lover, whom her Scorn had kill'd,
Her Eyes were fix'd, and from her Body fled
The Blood, and universal Paleness did succeed.
She try'd, but all in vain, her Feet to move,
She strove to turn her Head—————
But still in vain the wretched Virgin strove.
The Hardness, which before possess'd her Heart,
Now seiz'd on all, and ran thro' ev'ry part.
Turn'd into Stone, a Warning she remains
To those who slight their faithful Lovers Pains.



TO



T O

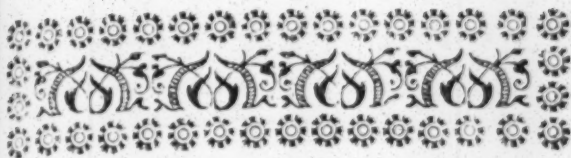
To Mr. *F*-----

S I R,

MY Muse, of late, receiv'd a * fatal Blow,
 And must have fall'n, if not upheld by you;
 You're the Supporter of her feeble Wings,
 And 'tis thro' you, if she Melodious Sings:
 In vain she strives to reach *Parnassus* top,
 Unless you lend a hand to raise her up;
 Aspiring to the Mount, she views you there,
 You guide her Steps, and teach her how to Steer.
 Like unskill'd Mariners, she'd miss the Mark,
 And split against the Rocks her tender Bark,
 Did you not kindly show to reach the Shore,
 Along the Road which you have gone before;
 By you Encourag'd, she'll your Steps pursue;
 All her Ambition is to rise to you.

* *The Death of an Ingenious Friend.*

T O



T O

To Mrs. S-----

HAIL, Beauteous *Celia*, whilst your Charms
inspire,
My humble Muse shall boldly touch the Lyre ;
To you she Sings, if you approve her Lays,
She needs no other Help, no greater Praise.

What tho' the Malice of your Sex is shown,
To blast those Beauties brighter than their own ;
What tho' the guilty of both kinds combine
To cloud your Innocence, 'twill brighter shine ;
Tho' envious Wretches, 'cause themselves are base,
Strive to corrupt and viciate your Race ;
Yet Virtue still, uprears its lovely Head,
Perceives, and so can shun the Snares they've laid.

132 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

I, *Celia*, who am Proud to wear your Chains,
 Your Goodness own, which far o'er-pays my Pains;
 I own the Conquest of your Potent Eyes,
 And that your Worth deserves a nobler Prize;
 In you the Charms of all your Sex are shown,
 But I, the Worst and Meanest of my own;
 How then, can I repay the Tribute due,
 For all the Favours I've receiv'd from you,
 Who merit not the least you cou'd bestow.
 But since the charming *Celia* condescends,
 To grant my Wilhes, and to crown my Ends,
 I, in return, will dedicate my Days
 To *Celia*'s Service, and will Sing her Praise.
 If Constancy and Truth may Merit claim,
 Then, *Celia*, I'll deserve your best Esteem,
 As long as Beauty, Charms, or Time endures,
 My Lovely *Celia*, I'll be only

Yours.



F I N I S.

This Cavalier was the
Mingui's du Segure a
Cadel - of a good family
in Gascoigne

commonly call'd the handsome
Musqueteer

Le Prince Du Royer Veder,



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Bridg

New MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS.

WITH THE
Cavalier's Answers
TO THE
NUN's Five Love-Letters.

IN VERSE.



LONDON:

Printed for THOMAS CORBET, at the
Corner of Ludgate-Hill, next Fleet-
Bridge. 1716.





T H E
P R E F A C E.



IS thought necessary to inform the Reader, that these Letters and Poems are made Publick by the same Hand as the *New Miscellaneus*

* A 2 *neous*

P R E F A C E.

*neous Poems, with the Names
five Love-Letters; and the
great Success they have met
with, makes him venture on
these, which he believes are
not inferior to the others;
and therefore hopes they will
meet with as candid a Recep-
tion.*



T H E

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THE

C.

A

N

Pr

T H E
CAVALIER's

A N S W E R S

To the

N U N's

F I V E

Love Letters.

Done into Verse.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year 1716.



L



In T
Arm
And



LOVE-LETTERS

FROM

A Cavalier to a Nun.

LETTER I.



EE, Beauteous Charmer, and a-
maz'd receive

Such dismal News as one wou'd
scarce believe,

So strange a Tale, that trembling
I relate

In Tears the turn of unexpected Fate;

Arm with Heroic Patience now your Soul,

And all your Passions thus alarm'd, controul.

A 2

Chang'd

Chang'd all at once is Our *Elysian* Scene,
 And sad tremendous Prospects intervene,
 A huge Eclypse o'er shades the painted Skies,
 And hides the Lustre of thy dazzling Eyes.
 When from your Arms you forc'd me last away,
 T'avoid the Dangers of approaching Day,
 When oft we parted, and as oft return'd,
 And our stol'n Joys with mutual Vows adjourn'd,
 With blest Ideas of thy lovely Form
 Transported, thoughtless of th'impending Storm,
 To my dull Home triumphant I retir'd,
 And tedious Hours seem'd Ages unexpir'd.

Scarce lazy *Sol* had the Meridian past,
 And now seem'd gently to decline at last,
 When I, to spend the long remaining light,
 Till Earth's o'er shading by the welcome Night;
 Making my way to some delightful Grove
 On the soft Flute to warble out my Love,
 Sudden, unknown, a Glitt'ring *Cavalier*
 Prevents my way, and thus salutes my Ear.
 Hail, Happy Youth, to you in haste I bring
 A Gracious Message from the Godlike King,

Love-Letters.

5

form'd of your Deserts, he gladly sends
encourage thus his own and Country's Friends,
his sign'd Commission from his bounteous Hand,
amongst his new-rai'd Troops ; for this Command,
by which, tho' first it may be deem'd but small,
You soon may greatly Rise, or greatly fall.
Haste brave *Octavia* then, possess the Post,
And Honour gain, which by refusing's lost.

Not fierce *Achilles* by the *Greeks* renown'd,
When by the Wise *Ulysses* slyly found
Dissolv'd in Love in *Deidamia's* Arms,
Disguis'd, suspecting least such rude Alarms,
Was e'er with such Confusion then possess'd,
And various Passions struggling in his Breast,
As on a sudden seiz'd my Soul oppress'd,
While Love and Honour strongly did contest.
Rather at last than lose my rising Fame,
And bear of Cow'rd that ignominious Name,
May ev'n oblig'd by Force for to comply,
Or else perhaps in Prison basely lye,
I with the Noble Youth directly went,
All Joy without, within all Discontent.

Soon

Soon as we came to the Refulgent Court,
Where all the Great Commanders did resort,
To find my Captain, he conducts my way,
Of whom I might receive without delay
His New Commands, and in my Post obey.
When introduc'd, and usual Homage paid,
The Gilded Heroe thus advancing, said,
Welcome *Ottavio*, to our Army join'd,
So blest, indu'd with such a gen'rous Mind,
Tho' now my Fate has me superior plac'd,
I should be proud if with your Friendship grac'd
Soon must we leave indeed this Happy Shore,
Heav'n only knows, if to behold it more.
See these, the Regal Orders just receiv'd,
The Troops in *France* must be by ours reliev'd,
And e'er the Morning Sun shall gild the Sky,
We must embark, and to relieve 'em flye.
Yet if we there in Amity remain,
We may the Toils of War more easily sustain.
Swift to thy home this moment then repair,
And all things quickly to depart prepare,
Stay not so long (the fleeting Hours are few)
Not ev'n to bid thy dearest Friends adieu,

Love-Letters.

7

So Mighty Monarchs humbler Mortals sway,
Resisting's Death, tho' Death if they obey.
And here, alas! the only Difference lyes,
The first with Shame, the last with Honour dyes.
Thus forc'd along, I soon return'd again,
And, tho' distract'd with the parting Pain,
Stifled my Griefs, and durst not once complain. }
We soon with all our *Mirmidons* advanc'd,
And on the sparkling Waves embarking lanch'd,
Landed at last on *Gallia's* fertile Coast,
Where now encamp'd I stay, with anxious torments
 cross.

Methinks I hear my charming Nymph exclaim,
And sighing thus my tedious Ling'ring blame:
Where are those Pleasures I was wont to tast,
And melting surfeit on the blest Repast?
Gone is th' appointed Hour, and long expir'd,
And absent still the Youth so much desir'd,
Dark is the Night and dangerously late;
Preserve him Heavens from disastrous Fate!

Expect no longer now, 'tis Fate indeed,
This cursed Separation has decreed,

Most

Most dismal Fate, and how long to divide
 Our mutual Joys, *Love* only can decide.
 But tho' an Age; I still should love you more.
 If possible, than e'er I did before.
 But ah! my Fears encrease my raging pain,
 Least Time shou'd change your Love to cold disdain.
 Think of those Raptures that your Soul possess,
 When e'er I languish'd on your downy Breast,
 Think with what Ardour I've express'd to you
 My very Soul, and Thoughts sincerely true
 Then let me this Return at least but find,
 To keep *Octavio* ever in your Mind.
 And this, thou lovely Maid, I must intreat;
 In frequent Letters constant Love repeat.
 One Line from you wou'd my dull Soul revive,
 And to your self secure me while alive:
 Soon slippery Fortune unforeseen, may change,
 And re-unite our Souls by means as strange.
 Till then thou charming Angel cease complaint
 And bless me still, for thou'rt my only Saint.

L. E. T.



LETTER II.

From a Cavalier to a Nun.

WHY, lovely Treasure of my Soul, immur'd
In happy Cloysters and from harms secur'd,
Because by Regal Pow'rs compell'd away
From Joys more dear than to the Blind the Day,
To plead in Arms my suff'ring Country's Cause,
And meet intrepid Death's devouring Jaws,
Can you unjustly charge my longing Heart,
That curst the Day wherein oblig'd to part,
And Absence worse than dire infernal pains,
With treach'rous breaking Loves delightful Chains?
Oh! cursed Jealousie! that can suggest
Such groundless Thoughts to break my Angel's rest;
And yet blest Passion that can sweetly prove
With how much Int'rest she returns my Love.

Tor.

Tormenting Absence first distracts my Brain,
 Then jealous Fears exasperate the pain,
 Present in Visions to the dubious Maid,
 A beauteous Rivals and herself betray'd ;
 Now she no longer doubts the sad Deceit,
 And black Despair do's all her Ills compleat.
 Thus you (my Life) without just Cause complain,
 Imaginary Notions entertain,
 And Constr'ing all things wrong, torment your
 self in vain;

How cou'd you think, when I so oft have sworn
 No Miser lov'd his hoarded Treasure more,
 When threat'ning Dangers did our joys surround,
 Had I within those sacred Walls been found,
 Whips, Wracks, and Tortures, I'd been doom'd to feel,
 And broken Limbs extended on the Wheel,
 And to a lingering Death at last resign,
 And fall a Martyr for my Nymph Divine,
 That I so soon cou'd leave such high priz'd Joys
 And madly follow worthless trivial Toys?
 Sooner fond Mothers shou'd their Infants slay,
 When sweetly prating on the Lap they play:
 Sooner shou'd peaceful Kings their Thrones forsake
 And cloath'd in Rags in loathsome Dunghills rake

Love-Letters.

51

Or sooner *Sol* shou'd from his Center fall,
And overwhelm in Flames Earth's crackling Ball,
Than I forsake my *Mariana's* Arms,
Or ev'n in Thought dislike her Heav'nly Charms,
You cou'd not sure, if (as you say) you lov'd
So well my Person, and my Parts approv'd,
Yet think in earnest I wou'd prove so vile
As first to flatter, and at last beguile
Such harmless Beauty? lovely Saint enclos'd,
When on your panting Bosom I repos'd,
With Turtle murm'ring my declining Head,
From which with Raptures oft my Senses fled,
With solemn Oaths protesting to be true,
You then believ'd I none shou'd love but you.
We then foresaw not the distracting Hour,
Which shou'd our mutual Joys alone devour,
The cause of parting, sad disastrous Fate!
Which my last Lines did faithfully relate.
With jealous Frenzy pre-possess, you say,
Was not by Force, but wilful flight away.
I was with Pleasure that I left your Charms,
And sadly languish in another's Arms.
Sometimes (my Dear) in anger you complain,
That my dull Lines declare my cold disdain,

Then

Then freely own my promise to return,
And too severely my sad absence mourn.
Oh! cou'd you see the bottom of my Soul,
And how sincerely I with you condole;
Then nought but absence wou'd disturb your rest,
And jealous Fears no more your Thoughts molest.

Great were my Torments, if the Cause no more
Than to be forc'd from the *Elysian* Shore,
Where center'd all my Pleasures and Repose,
And be the cause from whence your Mourning flows.
But to reflect on your extream concern,
When you (blest Angel) doubt my sure return,
When by your false distrustful passion led,
You pine with Fears that I'm for ever fled.
This rends my Soul with Griefs that can't be told,
Makes me resolve to be at once so bold,
As to desert my Troop and rashly fly,
To prove me constant to your Arms, and dye.

While thus your Torments and my own I bear,
And griev'd at your unjust complaints despair
In wild Confusion, while I muse alone
On dang'rous means to be at once undone.

Propitious Heav'n in time do's interpose,
And to my wounded Soul these healing thoughts
disclose.

Desist deluded Youth, e'er yet too late,
And urge not hers and thine impending Fate;
See for a moment's ease how great's thy fall,
Thy Love, thy Life, thy Honour, and thy All
In this design, precipitate you lose,
When lasting Joys you may securely chuse.
This tedious Absence but a while sustain,
And here with Honour in the Camp remain;
Soon shall your Arms Victorious gain a Peace,
And hostile Deeds with Acclamations cease.
Then with Applause shall you return again,
And, in amends for all your anxious Pain,
With eager haste upon the Wings of Love,
You swiftly flying like a panting Dove,
To her extended Arms, with fierce desire
Shall blest arrive, and ev'n with Joys expire.

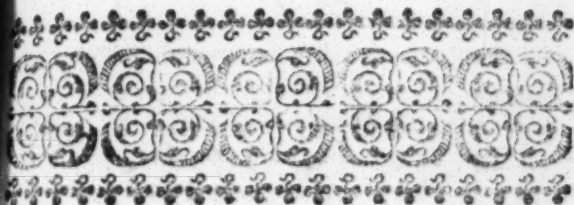
Cease, *Mariana*, then, suspend your Grief,
And soon expect me to your sure Relief.

All jealous Phantoms banish from your Breast,
 It possible, compose your Soul to Rest,
 And think that quickly we may both be blest.

Let these just Reasons but content thee, while,
 My angry Fair, and cause a peaceful Smile;
 And here I swear, by all those lovely Charms,
 By all those Joys I've tasted in your Arms:
 By Heav'n that may the Perjur'd Wretch destroy,
 That none but you I'll, while alive, enjoy.



L E T



LETTER III.

From a Cavalier to a Nun.

I N vain, unhappy faithless Fair, I find,
I T' assuage thy Griefs, and ease my anxious
Mind,

Do I attempt in artless Lines to tell
My absent State, and groundless Fears repel.
What can I say, thy tim'rous Soul to move,
And once assure thee of my constant Love,
More than without Disguise before I've urg'd?
And must I still with fresh Complaints be scourg'd?

'Tis wondrous hard, by sad Experience found
 Where mutual Love's with blest Enjoyment's Crown'd
 While each Care's more firmly do's unite
 Their Souls enchanted with the dear delight,
 When in the midst of all their Heav'nly Joys,
 Fond Amorous Prating, and endearing Toys;
 Pleas'd in each others plighted Faith secure,
 As if their Passion ever wou'd endure.
 That then, just then, curst Fate shou'd interpose,
 Divide their Joys, and break their sweet Repose.
 'Tis very sad, 'tis hard, that all must own,
 And just Excuse that you're uneasy grown.
 Yet oft I'm pleas'd when I review those Lines
 Where you so hardly Censure ev'n my best Designs;
 Nay, when you rave and most of all exclaim,
 And all my Actions undeserv'dly blame;
 Ev'n then my Amorous Senties most you move,
 And I conclude 'tis all th'Effects of Love.
 True Love alone can apprehend such Fear,
 And when most Jealous shou'd the most Endear.

'Tis Truth, indeed I own, as Fame declares,
 That joyful Peace, instead of dreadful Wars,

At last obtain'd, now just begins to Smile,
And blesses all, but wretched me the while.
Destructive War is gladly now no more,
And Toils, and Dangers of Engagement o'er.
Now sure, I know you think I may remove
From hence, and hasten to the Scene of Love.
Now no Excuse can longer me detain,
I must be false if absent I remain.

But ah! my Fair, attend what I relate,
And if you Love at such uncommon rate,
'T must swell your Grief, but sure your Rage rebate.

No sooner did the dire Destruction cease,
And Dangers vanish at approaching Peace;
Ev'n mad with Joy while thus we gain'd our ends,
And mortal Foes became embracing Friends.
Pleas'd with the Prospect of my blest Return,
Carousing gladly, while without concern
We spent, exulting, the Victorious Day,
Expecting homewards soon to march away.
But on a sudden was our Mirth allay'd,
And we tho' Victors worse than Captives made.
For now (Curse on the damn'd unjust Commands,)
Were Orders sent to our selected Bands

To march that Instant and possess the Town,
By Peace surrender'd to our Conqu'ring Crown;

So by rude Storms the vent'ring Sailor blown,
Thro' Scenes of horror on some Coast unknown,
With Art and Strength redoubled strives amain,
The Port design'd in safety to regain;
Which just recover'd, and before his Eyes,
New raging Tempests all at once arise
And drive him back to some remoter Shore,
From the wish'd Harbour, just in sight before.

Fate urg'd the Sentence, and we must obey;
For who the sure Decrees of Fate can stay?
But then to thus be tantaliz'd in vain,
And fir'd with Prospects which we can't obtain,
With Rage and Fury rais'd my boiling Blood,
Ev'n to Distraction scarce to be withstood.
Sometimes I storm'd, and in wild Ragings swore
To serve in Arms th' ungrateful State no more.
Then sadly soft'ning into Childish Tears,
Mourn'd the Misfortunes of my slender years.
Bierce were my Pains at first beyond belief,
And almost insupportable my Grief.

But like the Bird, which by the Snares intwin'd,
In the close Limits of the Cage confin'd,
Depriv'd from sporting in th' unbounded Sky,
In vain attempting as before to fly;
Flutt'ring from side to side at first do's beat
His Wings, and suddenly rejects his Meat,
Becomes more Tame and gentle by degrees,
And lives at last within his Cage at ease;
So when perswaded that 'twas all in vain,
To strive to shake off this uneasy Chain,
By tedious Custom to the Yoke inur'd,
With more Heroic Patience I endur'd.

Ah! when shall I be hence with Joy restor'd
To the blest Charms I have so long ador'd?
But partial Fortune for the most Decrees
To Fools, and Souls ignoble, Wealth and Ease,
Whilst Worthier Mortals indigent remain,
And meet with nought but Crosses, Plagues and Pain.

Here must I stay confin'd the Fort to guard,
This, this for all my Toils th' unjust Reward.
Could I but now my Liberty regain,
And reach those Closters which my Saint contain.

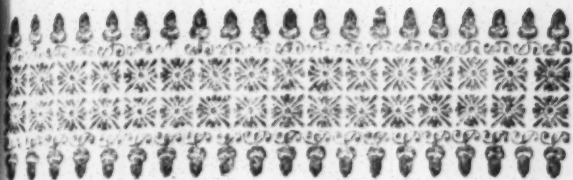
Un-

Uninterrupted might I there possess
 Thy Charms, and fearless thee my Love caress;
 To tell me then thou'rt thus my Dear advanc'd,
 Has but the more my pond'rous Grievs inhand'd.

But time will come, tho' now beyond our sight,
 When these black Clouds shall be dissolv'd in Light,
 When Storms and Tempests shall no more be seen,
 No Show'rs but Blessings from a sky serene.
 When I with Honours crown'd shall hence be sent,
 And bless'd retire with Pleasure and Content,
 To thee my only Joy, where then thou'lt see,
 And be convinc'd none ever lov'd like me.



L E T



LETTER IV.

From a Cavalier to a Nun.

TO live in Exile from my lovely Maid,
In whom my Life, my Soul, my All was laid
Tendure the rude Fatigues of Martial Strife,
Oblig'd to harrafs and expose my Life.
When Wars were over still to be confin'd,
Snatch'd from my Hopes and poorly left behind,
To hear my Charmer like a Dove complain,
Whose harmless Mate has been betray'd and slain,
And I unable to remove her Grief,
Or hence escape to come to her Relief.

What

What harder Fate can I alive sustain?
Or what procure to mitigate my Pain?
I live 'tis true, and feign a pleasing Air,
Strive all I can to hide my deep Despair,
But spight of all my Arts, my Sadness will ap-
pear.

My tiresome Friends impertinently try,
With trifling Queries, in the Cause to pry,
Which when they see's in vain they thus con-
doling cry,

Chear up thy Soul, with gay Diversions please
Thy Senses, drown'd in this so strange Disease.
'Tis Melancholly all which clouds thy Brain,
Sprung from Corrupted Blood in every Vein.
I complaisantly give them all their way,
Yet can't but smile to think how wide from Truth
they stray.

'Tis you alone, my Beauteous Nymph, that know }
The Cause from whence my dire mischances flow, }
Whence all my former Joys, and whence my se- }
quent Woe.

We're

Were I (as once) a Stranger now to Love,
What's now my Prison wou'd my Palace prove.
Here's all those Pleasures that the Young delight,
But what's their Day to me's distastful Night.
Yet, yet, O Cruel unrelenting Maid,
You use me just as if you're sure I'd paid
My Adorations at some poorer Shrine,
And slight your Charms I once esteem'd Divine.
Or is it 'cause you want some poor Pretence
To turn me off, securely to dispence
Your Joys to some Gay Fool you next admire,
Who'll prove as false as is your new Desire,
That thus in seeming Rage you still complain,
And what's my Love interpret as Disdain?
If 'tis (propitious Heaven avert the Thought,)
And I've been Constant all this while for nought,
Then Strive no more with artful Lines of Love,
My poor deluded Soul to barely move,
But gen'rously confess Time has destroy'd
That Love you vow'd, when I your Charms en-
joy'd.
Nor keep me lingering in a painful Death,
But own you're false and I'll resign my Breath.

But

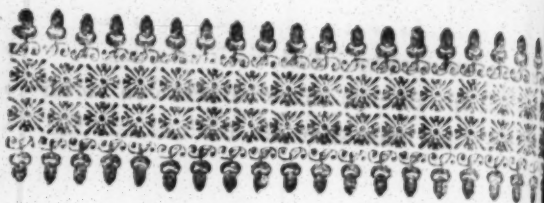
But hold my Soul, where will thy Ravings lead?
 This were enough to make her False indeed.
 What have I done? by this I'm surely lost,
 Lost to my Fair, by Jealous Madneſs toſt.
 But Oh! Divine Celeſtial Pow'rs give Ear!
 For *Mariana* now no more will hear.
 If e'er unconstant I my Vows have broke,
 And for another have her Arms forſook;
 If here on purpoſe not by Force I ſtay,
 Or ſlighted her for New Amours to ſtray;
 May direful Vengeance overtake my Crimes,
 And I be loath'd to all ſucceeding Times.
 And now, Divinely Fair, for once forgive
 A Fault which you've committed oft, believe
 My Love might then to be ſincere be known,
 When to ſuch raging Heat ſo ſoon 'twas blown.
 I know you cou'd not, nay you wou'd not dare,
 Such ſolemn Vows ſo quickly to forſwear.
 You're Goodneſs all, and conſtantly profeſs
 Unfeign'd Deſire, and Love to vaſt Exceſs.
 And in Return I not an Hour miſpend,
 But all my time's employ'd our Griefs to end.
 Hurrying from place to place in haſte I run,
 And leave no means to be releas'd undone.

Our Governour's Consent, I oft implore,
Nor till obtain'd will I appeas'd give o'er.
With urgent Pray'rs I still his Ears assail,
Court all his Friends that with him can prevail.
And doubt not thus that my Designs can fail.

Our sad Misfortunes sure must soon be past,
They were too fierce, too mighty, long to last.
Extreams in Pleasure, or Extreams in Pain,
Extreams in all Things but a while remain.
Think but of this while Absent here I stay,
And your impatient Fears 'twill much allay;
Then live my Fair, for your *Octavio* keep
Your Charms unsully'd, cease in vain to Weep.
Soon hence releas'd I'll fly with haste, (prepare
To end at once my long tormenting Care.)
Substantial Pleasure in your Arms to taste,
Which then may long uninterrupted last,
T'accept the lovely Prize so justly due,
To Love like mine, so constant, and so true.

C

L E T -



LETTER V.

From a Cavalier to a Nun,

AH Mariana, what! in Anger still?
 Are you resolv'd, without remorse, to kill
 A Youth, whose only Crime, (in Tears I tell)
 Was loving you, my Fair Ingrate, too well?

She who was wont my Sufferings to condole,
 And let me tell the Sorrows of my Soul;
 Now grown displeas'd, my piteous Moans she blames
 And calls 'em but Effects of Loves expiring Flame
 Instead of those dear Smiles, that blest Relief,
 That us'd to calm my roughest Storms of Grief

He now reproaches me with cold Return,
With want of Amorous Rhetorick and Concern.
And when I seem her Pity to Implore,
And tell my anxious Soul's Resentment o'er,
Is then I'm false, have lost my wonted Fire,
Is my Aversion, or some new Desire.

Why, cruel Angry *Mariana*, why,
Cannot I spare from Love one Mournful Sigh,
But you must think unkindly, and untrue,
That I Unconstant rob you of your Due?
If I but one kind Epithet omit,
Must I be thought that Passion to forget,
That taught me such endearing Things to say,
When first your fatal Eyes did my poor Heart be-
tray?

And must I ne'er reflect on all my Woe?
Those Ills that I, while absent, undergo.

What, tho' unhappy Fate do's thus ordain,
That I must here tormented still remain,
And tho' I'd give Ten Thousand Worlds to free
My self from hence, and this Anxiety;

Yet since they're wanting, 'tis in vain to strive
To force my Chains, and think t'escape alive,
Must you, because these Hardships I lament,
Seem but the more (perversly) discontent?

Any but you, wou'd sure have been pleas'd,
And rather strove my Sadness to have eas'd,
With tender Lines t'extenuate my Pain,
And not on me, but on my Fate, Complain;
This is a way to try my Love indeed,
And make my Heart with Fears and Anger bleed.
This, had I nought, besides, my Mind to vex,
Were sure enough my Reason to perplex.
Distracting Pains torment my throbbing Soul,
Where Anguish rends, and Griefs confus'dly roul.
Thus tir'd of Life, I just expiring faint,
From your hard Usage, and my own Restraint.
But if thou'rt False, thou Dear deceiving Maid,
And these but Baits hast to delude me laid,
If conscious of your Charms, of Conquest vain, }
You new Adorers every Moment gain, }
Yet strive your old ones Falsely to detain;

If this be true, (as I but justly fear,)
And to Confirm my Doubts be plainly made ap-
pear,

(As that base Crimes will be at last reveal'd,
Tho' for a while they're craftily conceal'd.)
If I this fatal Truth shou'd e'er survive,
And not my Pains of Reason me deprive.
I in Revenge wou'd thro' the World proclaim
Aloud, the treach'rous *Mariana's* Fame;
To every fond admiring Fool declare
She's False within, as outwardly she's Fair.
Tell how like them I was at first deceiv'd,
And all Divine, her harmless Looks believ'd,
When o'er my Soul she had a Conquest gain'd,
And her ambitious Prospects once obtain'd.
How wou'd she swear, when fondly I caress'd,
That her kind Heart shou'd be by none possess'd,
But blest *Octavio* shou'd alone enjoy
Her Soul, his dear Embraces ne'er cou'd cloy.
Then was my fancy'd Heav'n, and surely then,
Had any Mortal so audacious been,
As to assert, she but dissembled well,
I'd laid him dead, or for her boldly fell,

Yet soon I found by sad Experience true,
When Adverse Fortune snatch'd me from her View,
What she call'd Love was but a vicious Fire,
And vanish'd with the Object of Desire.
Thus I'll forewarn the Gazing World to shun
Her Syren Charms, least they're like me undone.
If e'er thou'rt False, this sweet Revenge I'll take,
And curse the Sex for *Mariana's* sake.
But if I find, when I return again,
Thou'rt Constant still, and all my Fears are vain,
Not all the Gilded Honours of the Court,
Nor Wealth, nor Beauties of the Brightest sort;
Not Force or Art shall e'er our Loves divide;
I'll Live and Dye with you, and none beside.

The End of the Cavalier's Letters.

N E W

N E W

Miscellaneous
POEMS.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1716.



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New Miscellancous

POEMS.

TO

CÆLIA,

*Being indispos'd on Christmas
Day.*

I.



O you, belov'd, enchanting Fair,
Thus writes the wounded Swain,
With Wishes for a Happy Year,
Who feels an Age of Pain.
For wishing's all that he can do,
Bestowing does belong to you.

May

34 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

II.

May Health, from Spleen and Vapours free,
With you each *Christmas* Crown ;
The God of Mirth and Gaiety,
From Sorrow guard his Throne.
But tho' you don't Misfortunes know,
Think, think on those I undergo.

III.

Thus form'd by Nature with design
For Universal Sway —————
To make your Sex with Envy pine,
And ours with Joy obey :
Since you must many a Wretch undo,
May not the Guilt be laid to you.

IV.

When Crouds of Lovers suppliant wait
Their long-expected Doom,
Attending till you speak their Fate,
The Tyrant ne'er assume.
For kind or Cruel Slaves we're still,
Then let us taste the sweeter Ill.

Yet

V.

Yet if a Fop so hardy be,
To fancy to beguile
The Fruit inclining, let him see,
And raise him with a Smile.
Then shoot forth Darts from scornful Eyes,
And drive him out of Paradise.

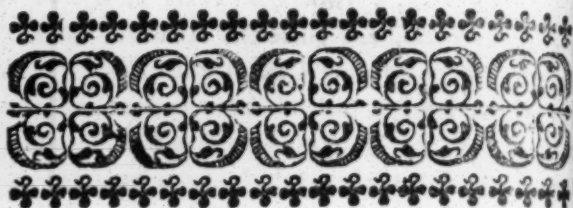
VI.

Audacious Wretch, to think to play
With you your subtle part.
Presuming he to Heav'n might pray
With Lips, and not with Heart.
How can a Slave so senseless be,
To think All-piercing Eyes can't see,

VII.

But to your Mild and Constant Swain,
Some tender Thoughts reveal;
And since his Heart has felt such Pain,
As none but he can feel:
Give him, his Sufferings to relieve,
Such Joys, as none but you can give.

Dorinda



Dorinda to Mirtillo.

O Cruel Youth, as Cruel as you're Fair,
You mind my Sighs no more than Wind or
Air.

O could you Love like me, my lovely Swain!
But that's a fruitless Wish, a Wish in vain.
To Love again would be too great a Bliss,
That would be Heaven, and boundless Happiness,
But sure to Pity you may be inclin'd,
The Wretched plead it; O too much unkind!
In vain I call, *Mirtillo* swifter flies;
Mirtillo flights, and poor *Dorinda* dies,

While

New Miscellaneous Poems. 37

While this I write, a Thousand Tears distill,
Sighs equal Words, and guide the Mournful Quill.
Oh! cruel Shepherd, had I never known
Thy fatal Charms, I had not been undone.
To Love, and not Enjoy, is downright Hell,
What Torment 'tis, they only know, who feel.
Oh! what Excess of Pain I now endure!
You gave the Wound, will you not give the Cure?
O were the Tables turn'd, *Mirtillo* know,
Dorinda would not use *Mirtillo* so.
My dear *Mirtillo*, could you only guess
The thousandth part of my Unhappiness,
Your gentle Soul would some small Pity show.
I dye, because I cannot live, for you.

All the long day I for *Mirtillo* sigh,
At the least noise look out, and think 'tis he.
Why will my Love his coming thus delay?
The Hours fly on, and hurry down the Day.
Perhaps he'll come at Night, but Night denies
Her dearest Object to *Dorinda's* Eyes.
And thus the Day I spend, in Hopes and Fears,
From Disappointments much augment my Cares.

D

Then

38 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Then think the Night will friendly Rest bestow;
 But Rest, alas! suits not with endless Woe.
 Sleep flies the wretched Lover, soft Repose
 Shuns my poor Heart, and distant Objects know.
 Sometimes I dream, my Love, I have thee fast,
 Kiss the dear Lip, and hug thee by the Waist.
 Pleas'd with th' imperfect Joy, I onwards spring,
 (But see th' Inconstancy of ev'ry thing)
 The happy Dream steals gently from my Eyes,
 I wake, and find the pleasing Phantom flies.
 Thus Day and Night I am deluded on,
 And in an endless Maze of Disappointments run.

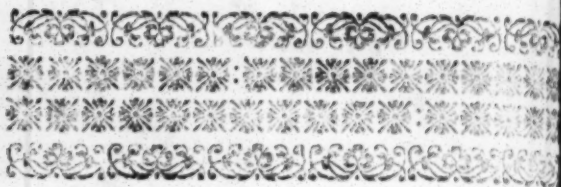
O my *Mirtillo*, see a wretched Maid,
 By too much Love and Innocence betray'd;
 By Vows deluded, by false Hopes lead on,
 (Curst Magick of thy dear enchanting Tongue)
 Too soon was vanquish'd, and too soon undone.
 Hear me False Youth, by all the Powers above,
 Nay, what is more, by all the Powers of Love.
 I here Conjure thee, O *Mirtillo* turn,
 O let thy Soul with equal Ardours burn.

Or would the Gods the Boon I beg bestow,
Increase your Love, or lessen mine for you.
But the relentless Powers deride my Tears,
(Laugh at my Sighs, grow deaf to all my Prayers.)
Let me for some few Hours, with you alone,
Like the sad *Turtle* murmur out my Moan.
This only thing, my Life, I ask of you,
One soft Embrace, one long and last Adieu.
If after this *Mirtillo* proves unkind,
If soft Caresses can no longer bind,
Dorinda falls a willing Sacrifice,
Dorinda then with Satisfaction dyes.
But whither am I got? my Lines flow on,
Just like my Sorrows, and are endless grown.
I've done; and all that now remains behind,
Is that

I'm thine for ever —————

Oh ————— be kind.

Dorinda.



O N

ALBANIO's *Marrying the*
Incomparable MONISSA.

By a Youth of Nineteen Years of Age.

In Miltonian Verse.

TO sing th' Effects of Love, Connubial Jests,
And blissful Transports of the genial Bed,
My Muse aspires; thro' ways to her unknown
She takes her flight, and with expanded Wing
Divides th' Ambrosial Air and Spicey Breezes
That fan the beatifick Climes of *Elysos*,

And

New Miscellaneous Poems. 41

And gently spread the innate Odours wide
Thro' all the *Cyprian* Grove, where Spring Eternal
Blooms fresh and gay, and everlasting Verdure
Crowns all the Year, where Love's fair Queen in-
thron'd

O'er all the Globe bears universal Sway,
All, all to Love's soft Empire Tribute yields;
And when the little Archer twangs his Bow
Nothing the Golden Arrow can repel.

A Tower of Brass high rear'd on Bases firm,
And strongly fenc'd with Bolts and massive Bars,
One would have thought might have securely kept
Aloof the flying Plume; but all in vain
Are Bolts and Bars where mighty Love commands.
Love, the Almighty Alchymist, can change
To ev'ry Face, and vary ev'ry Form:
He melts to Golden Showers, and thro' the Tyles
Transfuses radiant Drops, and on the Fair
Descends in florid Rain, Ambrosial Gellies.

Nay Heav'n's high Walls Love's fires have often
scal'd,
And rushing thro' the Clouds have forc'd their way
D 3

42 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Ev'n to the *Penetralia* of the Gods.

The Sapphire Vaults brightned with light Reflex,
And *Jove*, Majestick *Jove's* Imperial Breast
Has soften'd into amorous Ecstasies.

Sol, the great Flambeau of the World, does glow
With Love-sick flames, each beam is pointed Love
The Gods Marine that rule the wat'ry World
Partake of *Cupid's* Fires, the Lambent Waves
The Deities inspire, and all around
The blueish Region roll and gently burn.
To Strains of Love the *Tritons* Vocal Shells,
And *Nereids* stiller Pipes are aptly tun'd,
While Silver *Thetis* longing to enjoy
Her Paramour, rolls on in curling Waves.

But what of Heav'n and Sea? Sure Hell has known
The mighty Influence of this Sacred Pow'r:
This Sacred Power has past the *Stygian* Flood,
And all the dæd Sulphureous Waves below,
Has lull'd a growling *Cerberus* asleep,
And past th' Eternal *Adamantine* Dens.
Orpheus's Iv'ry Lute was tun'd to Love,
And every trembling Chord breath'd nought but Love.
Hell's grizly King has worn this Victor's Chain

Gla

New Miscellaneous Poems. 43

Glad to be thus enslav'd, while all around
The dark Pavillion hung with blackest Sables,
Love's sprightly fires their am'rous Rays distend.

say then, O Goddess, since Immortal Powers
Have suck'd these grateful Sweets, is it not Godlike
For Mortals here to follow their Example?
Inspire me then with one auspicious Ray,
And let my feeble Muse relate thy Conquests.
A Muse, thy Vot'ry, that with profound regard
Has at a distance view'd thy blissful Mansions
Trembling and panting oft has hover'd o'er
Those Myrtle Bowers, but never dar'd to enter
The rich Alcove be-fraught with Beauty's blisses.
O aid my Quill, while I in joyful Numbers
Reharse the Triumphs of that happy Day,
When great *Albanio* and the fair *Monissa*
Ty'd the soft Nuptial Band.

Albanio, the Delight of Men and Gods,
A Man more graceful Nature never form'd
In Port Majestick, noble his Behaviour
Easie and free, but without Affectation
(That Epidemick Plague and hateful Evil
That so much rages with so much Contagion:)

Buz

44 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

But if exterior Beauties grace the Man
Moniffa loves, O contemplate his Soul,
 The inward Beauries of the better part,
 A Soul so vast, of Goodness unconfin'd
 That like some mighty Torrent rolls along
 In stately Tyde, and richly does dispenſe
 His Waves proliſtick to the barren Soil.
 A Soul of ſuch transcendent Excellence,
 Of ſuch extenſive Liberality,
 The Rich admire, but the Needy bleſs,
 As viewing here and there throughout that Being
 Myriads of ſhining Sparkles interſpers'd
 Of Goodneſs more than human.
 Nay even *Parnaffus* (now neglected Mount)
 Has ſhar'd his Favours, and muſt always own
 His great Munificence, in ſuch an Age
 When Poefy's deſpis'd, and the poor Muſe
 Shines not as once in Ornamental Garb,
 But courſly clad creeps on in humble mood.
Albanio then Demands the Muſes Praise,
 And 'tis but Juſtice if the gen'rous Man
 Be ſtyled the Muſes great *Mæcenæſ*.

But if *Albania* has all manly Charms,
 Those of the softer Sex has fair *Monissa*:
 A Nymph so far surpassing others Graces,
 As *Cynthia's* Silver Globe the lesser Orbs,
 That deck the azure Curtains of *Olympus*.
 A Nymph so well accomplish'd, and adorn'd
 With all the rich Endowments Nature yields.
 She speaks Fame's Trumpet, *Eccho* takes the Sound,
 And with glad Repetitions fills the World,
 The admiring World, with bright *Monissa's* Praise.
 A Rose Bloom her lovely Cheeks adorns,
 And Love within her Eyes shows all his Charms,
 Youth, Wit and Beauty all conspire to Wound
Albania's Soul, and surely such a Fair
 Great *Jove* himself, were he a Man, would wed;
 Fit therefore for *Albania*, next to *Jove*
 In Goodness and in Worth.

I.

Come then, O Sacred Goddess, Queen of Love,
 Leave awhile the *Cyprian* Grove.
Albania's Soul inspire
 With am'rous Flame, with gay Desire.

Come

46 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Come mighty Goddess come,
Hither, ye Graces, hither fly;
With equal Fire *Minerva's* Heart supply.
Here erect the gaudy Throne
Sacred to Love and Universal Joy,
Come, mighty Goddess, come.

II.

Appear great *Hymen* too appear,
And bring thy Mystick Mantle, bring thy Robe
And strait adorn the yielding Fair;
Bring too thy Torch that fires the Globe.
On high, thy awful Banners rear.
Appear great *Hymen* then appear.

III.

Hither ye little *Cupids* hither hast,
That with officious care attend
Your Mighty Queen's Commands, descend
With her to grace this happy Feast.
Hither ye little *Cupid's* hither hast.

And see in gilt Machines the Sovereign Powers
Descend to celebrate the Festival

Of great *Albanio's* Nuptials.

In order rang'd the glitt'ring Deities

Appear, aloft the gaudy Streamers fly

Of *Cytherea's* Guards ; *Hymen* performs

The sacred Rites, and Matrimonial Functions,

And round the yielding Nymph the shining *Cestus* ties.

Juno attends to bless the Bridal Bed,

But stately *Juno* is amaz'd to see

A Form more stately than her own ; Love's Queen

With Eyes propitious views this happy Union :

Yet on her self reflecting, is concern'd

To see those Beauties that out-revel hers.

While all around a thousand little *Loves*,

With joyful Aspect, clap their rosie Hands.

All busied on th' Employment of the Day,

Some from soft Flutes breath am'rous Harmony,

Some touch the trembling Strings of warbling Lyres,

And nought is heard but dulcet Symphonies,

Voices Immortal with soft sounding Timbrels.

Others around the Bridal Bed appear

Hov'ring aloft, and from their painted Wings

Shed their soft Influence on the happy Pair.

The happy Pair with fires ecstasick glow,

Their Eyes all sparkling with the Sacred Flame

That tunes their Souls to th' highest pitch of Transport.

48 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

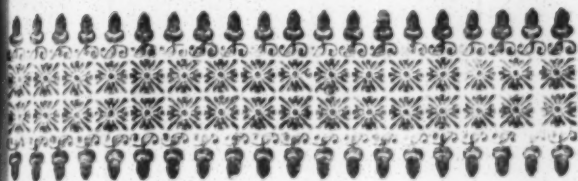
Come all ye Nymphs, and soften now your Hearts
With pleasing Eye behold your Captive Swains :
Cease your coy Pride, you see *Monissa* yeilds,
The brightest Nymph that ever grac'd your Circle.

And come ye Swains, that us'd to show your Wit
In railing at the sacred State; forbear,
No more condemn the Grapes you cannot reach.
Albanio be your great Exemplar here,
See how he lies blessing his happy Stars.
For O, what Sweets this Am'rous Bee enjoys,
Thro' Loves luxuriant Bowers he wildly roves;
Tastes ev'ry Sweet, thro' each *Meander* twines,
And ev'ry flow'ry fold displays ——— But

Here a little Cupid, that had been all this while hovering over my Shoulder, and seeing I scribbled, snatcht away my Pen, telling me to stop for Strangers to pry further into their Manners.



A L
O
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No Bri
No Fla



T O
C E L I A.
A
S O N G.

I.

ALL Materials are the same
Of Beauty and Desire,
In a fair Woman's goodly frame ;
No Brightness is without a Flame,
No Flame without a Fire.

E.

II. I t

50 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

II.

If on her Neck her Hair's display'd
In many a careless Ring;
That heat which serves to curl her Head,
Would make her mad to be a-bed,
And curl another Thing.

III.

If Modesty it self appear
With Blushes in her Face,
Think you the Blood that dances there
Can revel it no other where,
Nor warm another place?

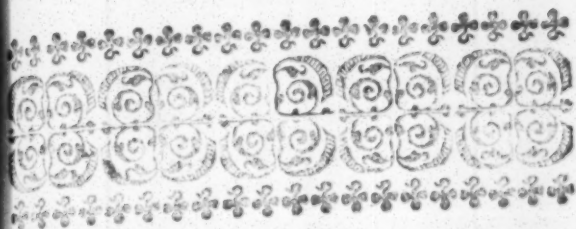
IV.

Ask but of her Philosophy
What gives her Lips the Balm;
What makes her Breast to heave so high,
What gives such Motion to her Eye,
Or Moisture to her Palm.

V.

Then be not nice, for that betrays,
Celia, thy Thoughts and thee;
There's ne'er a Beauty nor a Grace
Adorns thy Body, or thy Face,
But pleads within for me.

S O N G



S O N G

T O

D E L I A.

I.

W H Y, *Delia*, when I tell the Pains,
Which I endure from thy Disdain,
Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint?
Oh, didst thou know the Cares I feel,
To what vast heigh my Sorrows swell,
For Pity you'd relent.

E 2

II. When

52 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

II.

When at the glad approach of Day,
All Nature looks Serene and Gay,
And the pleas'd Birds their Joys proclaim,
Then rising Griefs my Bosom rend,
And ev'ry mournful Hour I spend,
In sighing out thy Name.

III.

Say Charmer, can't this Torment move
That Heart, which seems averse to Love,
To grant some Ease to my Despair?
Say? Must I hope no kind return,
Must I with fruitless Passion burn,
And you as cruel be as fair.





T O

Mr. T. S — c — tt on his
*Translating the old Latin
Hymns into English.*

L O N G with Despotick Sway the Muse prophane
Has been the Universal Sovereign;
And Men of Wit and Sense their Parts have shown,
To give Vice Charms and Beauties. Virtue none.
His utmost Skill the Poet did exert,
And Subjects sensual claim'd his finest Art:
Smooth Lines and raking Numbers were bestow'd
On Love and Wine, as on the *Sou'reign Good*;
And should a Bard dare Sing in Notes divine,
Dull would the Theme, insipid be each Line.

54 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Sad Taste of a degen'rate Age! but you
 Victorious S — c — it nobler Tracts pursue;
 You broke the Arbitrary Power, and now
 The Tyrant Muse at last has learnt to bow.
 You've shown that things Religious can inspire,
 And Strains Seraphick urge the Poet's Lyre.
 That Truths eternal may become his Rhime,
 His Fancy elevate, his Soul sublime.
 Of this the Ancient Fathers were convinc'd,
 Who Praise Divine in pious Hymns dispens'd,
 And the Eternal Glories would rehearse
 In moving Numbers, never dying Verse.
 Early the Church *Ambrosian* Anthems knew,
 And Songs *Gregorian* dropt Celestial Dew.
 How much these awful Notes and Numbers move,
 Witness, ye Souls, who solemn Musick love.
 You *Benedictine* Quires, 'tis you can tell,
 How much these Strains Terrestrial Strains excel,
 When rang'd in form alternately you Sing,
 And imitate in Zeal the burning Seraphim.
 Then 'tis you find the ruffled Thoughts at peace,
 Unruly Passions then their Clamours cease;
 Be calm'd each Mind, and the exalted Soul,
 Spurns the dull Globe, and soars beyond the Pole.

New Miscellaneous Poems. 55

But these ecstasick Songs that charm the Mind
In *Latian* Style were pen'd, to *Latian* Style confin'd,
Till you their hidden Beauties did display,
And *Latian* Flow'rs to *British* Climes convey.
This Change by much the noble Plants improv'd;
For no one ever saw 'em but they lov'd.
Their Scent more fragrant, and more bright their hue,
And blooming Glories rise at ev'ry view.
Vast Effects of the Transplanter's Art,
Who could so much variety impart.
He knew their Nature, and with great Success
To every Image gave a proper Dress:
For when the Eye views ev'ry artful turn,
The Souls inflam'd and pious Ardours burn.
O, wouldst thou but another Task begin,
And raise another Batt'ry against Sin;
The *Souls* real *Paradise* to *Britains* show,
Where in full Tides Immortal Pleasures flow;
Orania shall resume her wonted Praise,
And crown thee *S-c-e-n-e* with Eternal Bays.

Com-

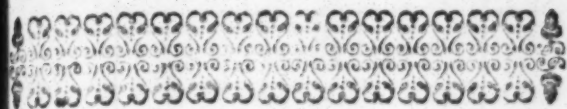


Complaint against TIME.

WH Y, Envious Time, will you now fly so fast?
When I'm from her, you never make such
haste.

When I'm with her then Hours but Minutes are;
But when from her, then ev'ry Hour's a Year:
You have no Rule, you never equal go;
But always art too fast, or else too slow.





*To the Happy Couple, Polidore
and Felicia, upon the Birth
of their Son, October, 1698.*

Behold, at length disclos'd to vital Air,
A beauteous Offspring of a beauteous Pair!
Of youthful Love the first fair product see!
Auspicious Bud! what will thy Blossom be?
How sweet thy blooming Youth, if such thy Infancy?
When riper Years with riper Charms shall grace,
And open all the Glories of thy Face,
Thy Features shall the fairest Swains outshine,
And the first Palm of Beauty shall be thine:
As comely Swains behold, with pleasing Pride,
Their Silver Image in the Chrystal Tide;
So shall thy Parents, fill'd with rapt'rous Joy,
See their own Charms reflected in their Boy:

Hymen

58 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Hymen, O *Hymen*! thou hast richly paid
The Vows, which for this happy Birth, the pious
Couple made.

With Smiles the Mother views her young Delight,
The Babe returns those Smiles his Mother to requite,
The Father looks on both, and feeds his ravish'd
Sight.

Oh wond'rous Scene of Bliss!---See Love stands by
And claps his Wings; see *Hymen* waving high
The Nuptial Torch, bespeaks his Brother Deity.

H Y M E N.

Look, little *Love*, what Blessings I bestow;
See this, thou Boaster! and submit thy Bow:
These Triumphs my superior Pow'r display.

C U P I D.

Yet to these Triumphs Love prepar'd the Way.
My gentle Arts provok'd the mutual Flame;
I took the Prize, and the first Honours claim.
The longing Boy the lovely Maid pursu'd,
The lovely Maid with secret Pleasure view'd
His eager Passion, innocently coy,
And answer'd with a Blush the longing Boy:
I sent the bleeding Victims to thy Shrine;
And tho' the Spoils are your's, the Conquest's mine.

H Y.

New Miscellaneous Poems. 59

H Y M E N.

Let's Glory 'tis to conquer than restore,
I heal'd the Wounds, thy Darts had made before.
What Joys canst thou without my Licence give?
What Joys that virtuous Lovers dare receive?
I bring the faithful Pair to full Delight,
And with chaste Transports crown the Nuptial Night.

C U P I D.

Ev'n then I boast an equal Share at least;
I with my Mother furnish out the Feast;
No Joys could else ensue. Love plants the Vine,
You bring the Vintage, *Venus* draws the Wine.

H Y M E N.

Whom *Hymen* binds Death can alone set free.

C U P I D.

None with their Freedom that are bound by me.

H Y M E N.

But I'm a venerable Priest, and you
A wanton Boy.

C U P I D.

Love has its Altars too;

And, *Hymen*, all your Vor'ries first were mine:
In vain you join their Hands till I their Hearts
cutwine.

H Y-

60 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

H Y M E N.

Yours is a fatuous and inconstant Fire,
By Fancy kindled, blown by rash Desire;
Mine a chaste Vestal Lamp, which never can expire.

C U P I D.

Yet I supply the Oyl that Lamp to feed.

H Y M E N.

Then since each others mutual Aid we need;
Let's both unite, and Hand in Hand prepare
With perfect Joys to feast this happy Pair:
Mine be the Charge the genial Bed to bless
With prosp'rous Births, and give a wish'd Increase
Paternal Virtues from the Stock shall shine
Transmitted down, and brighten all the Line:
Each Boy his Father's generous Soul shall share,
Each charming Girl be like her Mother fair.

C U P I D.

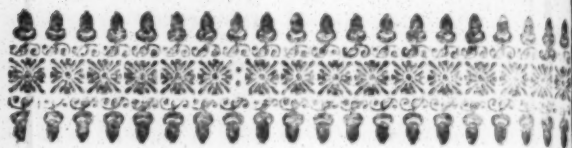
And I, with thousand little Loves in State,
To form my Train, will on their Nuptials wait,
Their Nuptials ever new, each Night and Day,
Fresh opening Scenes of Treasure shall display,
And Time on downy Feet steal unperceiv'd away.

New Miscellaneous Poems. 61

The circling Hours the circling Months shall chase,
The Months the circling Years shall fly apace,
And smiling Pleasures guide the Ring and speed
their am'rous Race:

Nor Age's bold Approach my Presence shall remove,
But with Encrease of Years I'll bring Encrease of Love.





A N

E P I T A P H

On *ALCANDER* and
JULIETTA his Wife,
who died in one anothers
Arms two Days after Mar-
riage.

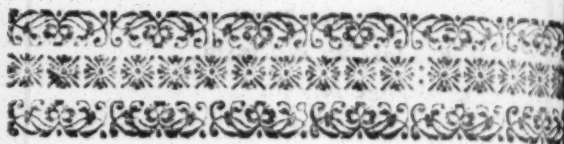
By R. S.

TO these, whom Death again did wed,
This Tomb's a second Marriage Bed;
For tho' the cruel Hand of Fate
Could Soul and Body separate,

New Miscellaneous Poems. 63

It could not Man and Wife divide,
They liv'd one Life, one Death they dy'd;
Peace, good Reader, do not weep,
Peace, the Lovers are asleep:
They (sweet Turtles) folded lie
In the last Knot Love could tie;
And tho' they lye as they were dead,
Their Pillow Stone, their Sheets of Lead,
(Pillow hard and Sheets not warm)
Love made the Bed, they'll take no harm.
Let 'em sleep, let 'em sleep on
'Till this Stormy Night be gone,
And th' Eternal Morrow dawn;
Then the Curtains will be drawn,
And they awake into that Light,
Whose Day shall never end in Night.





A N

E L E G Y

*On the much Lamented Death
of Mrs. Margaret B---c---mb.*

SHE'S gone! alas! the beauteous Nymph is dead,
Dead to my Hopes and all my eager Wishes.
How vain and fugitive are things Terrestrial,
That roll beneath the Vortex of the Moon!
Nothing is firm and stable, all Things transient.
So when we've screw'd up to the highest Peg*
Our ample Schemes of future Happiness,
Some Fate unlucky, or some Chance disastrous,

Destroys

* *The Author puns on his Mistress's Name Margaret.*

New Miscellaneous Poems. 65

destroys the mighty Fabrick, nought appears
at unexpected Disappointments dire.

No more, O then, no more, shall visual Rays
affect the Optick Nerves with form acute,
and represent the charming Phiz of B ———

——— *mb* and her taking Mien, O then farewell

Those Sapphire Lips and Gums of Crocus hue,
Free from th' ungrateful Load of cumbrous Teeth,

Farewel thou Grograin Gown and awful Mantle,
Bedded with Silver Clasp in Number Plural.

Farewel thou radiant Jacket Tory red,

Most nicely sew'd, and edg'd with good Galloon
Of deepest Mazarine (delightful hue)

But may I ne'er omit the Non-such Shoes,
Worn only upon Days Non-ferial.

Of Obscure colour, Heel of form Cylindrical

Tho' low, and both with Verdant Ferret ty'd,

But O, Farewel, a long and last Farewel;

To large Ampull with Vital Water fraught,

Wherein th' Effluvia's smooth and delicate.

Of dulcet Aniseed (not Coriander)

In its capacious Rim, of Shape Anguillar

Cubick or Conick, striate or oblong

In sublime Vortex roll, like Particles

66 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Of fam'd *Cartesius*, hence it was observ'd
The subtle matter, when in Throat retic'd
Kept still its roulant Quality, and oft
Would mount in circling Spires to *Pericranium*
Of She-Philosopher; in Speculation
Deep and profound would the great Matron sit,
And awfully pronounce like grave *Renatus*,
With equal Verity the Earth turns round.



SONG



S O N G
T O
D E L I A.

I.

W H I L E I, fair *Delia*, view thy Face,
And ev'ry Charm admire ;
Thy Eyes a thousand Raptures raise,
And burn me with Desire,

II. Trans-

68 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

II.

Transported thus, thou lovely Maid!
With Pleasure I gaze on,
'Till by my heedless Looks betray'd,
I'm unawares undone.

III.

Thus the poor Wretch, whose luckless Sight
The fatal Serpent spies,
Looks on, and gazes with Delight,
But as he gazes dies.



Mat.



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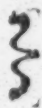
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Martucio and Constantia.

A Novel from Boccace.

IN that small Island which extends before
The wide Frontiers of the *Sicilian* Shore,
And from *Lipario* does derive its Name,
A Beauteous Virgin of unspotted Fame
And well descended, did a while reside,
Admir'd by all, and of that Isle the Pride;
Love did at last the Charming Maid surprize,
Shot from the Glances of *Martucio's* Eyes;
A great Deportment had the lovely Boy,
All that cou'd win the Fair he did enjoy,
And none but Fortune to the Youth was coy.



Soon in her Eyes he read the soft Desire,
And for *Constantia* burn'd with equal Fire;

70 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Now the Connubial Rites alone remain,
 To crown their Pleasures and reward their Pain,
 He to the rigid Father oft apply'd
 For his Consent, and was as oft deny'd,
 Their distant Fortunes must the Match retard,
 And only Money wou'd the Dad regard.
 At this unjust Repulse he much concern'd,
 Loudly complaining of his Fate, return'd,
 Collects his slender Fortune that remain'd,
 And a small Vessel on the Coast obtain'd;
 Upon the various Seas resolves to rove,
 In mournful Absence and despairing Love.
 And ne'er again *Liparia* to behold,
 Till Plunder had procur'd him heaps of Gold.

Long on the fam'd *Barbarian* Coast he sail'd,
 And all less Vessels than his own assail'd,
 Nor of Success the Conqu'ring Pyrate fail'd.
 Subtle and Bold, thus hast'ning to be great,
 He quickly purchas'd an Immense Estate.
 But as Curs'd Avarice the Mind inspires,
 For heaps on heaps with unconfin'd Desires;
 Whilst still of ev'ry Ship upon the Coast.
 He thought (like *Aesop's* Dog) to make the most,
 He snap'd at Shadows, and the Substance lost;

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New Miscellaneous Poems. 71

For now a stout Opponent he engag'd,
And both with equal Courage and enrag'd
Did long the dubious Combat well maintain,
And dy'd with hostile Blood the trembling Main,
But with unequal Numbers born away,
At last a Captive at the feet he lay
Of the proud Victor, who in Chains secur'd
Th' undaunted Youth to Bondage uninur'd.
Of all his Riches thus unjustly won,
Now dispossefs'd, deserted, and undone.

To *Tunis* they with Acclamations brought
The welcome Ship with such a Conquest fraught,
And to the loathsom Prison soon convey'd,
The Spoiler spoil'd, and destitute of aid;
Where weak with Hunger, and debarr'd of Rest,
He long remain'd with pond'rous Cares oppress'd.

Now busie Fame had at *Liparia* told,
That young *Martucio*, once the brave the bold,
Was to devour'ng *Neptune* fal'n a Prey,
And with his brave Companions cast away.
Constantia, who lamented much before
His hasty flight from the *Liparian* Shore,

Now

72 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Now feels ten thousand Agonizing Pains,
And scarce with Life the dismal News sustains;
In wild Despair she meditates on ways,
With her own Hands to end her mournful Days;
The glitt'ring Poniard fiercely she prepares
To pierce her Heart, but then dissolv'd in Tears
She lays it down, then snatches it again;
Fear and despairing Rage alternate reign,
And oft she yields, and oft attempts in vain.
Detesting Life, and yet afraid to die
A Death so bloody, she resolves to try
A way more pleasing to her anxious Mind,
And with her Lover the same Grave to find.

Now to the Port in haste the Virgin flies,
And in the first weak empty Boat she spies
She straight embarks, and hoisting up the Sail
Skims o'er the River with a nimble Gale.
To the wide Ocean soon she did arrive,
Desiring never to return alive.
The Helm and Oars that us'd the Bark to guide,
She now throws over to th' impetuous Tide.
Then closely wrapping her dejected Head,
In her loose Robe, desiring to be dead,

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New Miscellaneous Poems. 73

Down in the bottom of the Boat she lies,
Nor fears the raging Seas nor blust'ring Skies;
And soon expects that in the Seas profound,
By some rude Wave she shall be surely drown'd,
But even here the Virgin lost her end,
Nor wou'd grim Death, which she invoc'd, attend
For the black Clouds disperse, and Winds allay,
And now soft *Zephyrs* on the Waters play,
Which gently drive her unconduct'd Boat
On a small Town, from *Susa* not remote.

Thus two long Days, the Tennis of the Winds
And Waves she floated, peaceful Death to find,
Nor all the while erects herself, to see
If driv'n on Shore, or still upon the Sea.

Close by the Borders of the gentle Tide,
An Ancient Servant then by Chance employ'd,
Washing the Tackle with industrious Care,
And Nets that us'd the finny Prey t'insnare,
surpris'd beheld the Boat with full Career
Come sailing in, but not a Soul appear;
But stepping in, to her Amazement found
A lovely Maid extended on the Ground,
Of beauteous Aspect, in Repose profound.

G

Thrice

74 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Thrice to the slumb'ring Virgin loud she spoke,
 Who at the Sound as much amaz'd awoke,
 When by the splendid Habit that she wore,
 Peculiar only to *Lipari's* Shore,
 She knew the Fair, did Adoration pay
 To *Rome's* great God, and his unbounded Sway.
 I'th' *Latian* Language, to the Virgin known,
 She asks what Fate convey'd her there alone.
 Rouz'd at a Voice whose Accent seem'd so kind,
 She first imagin'd that the various Wind
 Had to *Lipari* toss'd her back again,
 To add fresh Tortures to her anxious Pain;
 But starting up, she views the Coast around,
 And in new Wonders at the Prospect drown'd,
 Where am I, Gods? she cries: What place unknown,
 On what new World is poor *Constantia* blown?
 The pitying Slave advancing does unfold
 What Men, what Customs, and what Country told.
 Then floods of Tears from her refulgent Eyes
 Came trickling down, while she invokes the Skies:
 Why from the Death, which I pursu'd so fast,
 Blest Heav'n (she said) cou'd you reserve at last,
 A Maid so Young, so Virtuous, and so Pure,
 That she the worst Misfortunes might endure,

To

To the rude Insults and Attempts expos'd
Of Barb'rous *Turks*, by Savages enclos'd;
My Honour first demanded as a Prey,
They'll vilely seize, and take my Life away.

The good old Servant did her Case lament,
And soon conducts her to her homely Tent;
Where more at large her dismal Tale she hears,
In a fresh Deluge of lamenting Tears.
Then to refresh with coarse, but cleanly Fare,
Her drooping Spirits, kindly does prepare
Her choicest Viands, and did oft entreat,
E'er she prevail'd the weeping Maid to eat,
Who now reviving, does desire to know
From whence she came, and how reduc'd so low.

She then return'd, she from *Trepanum* came,
And *Carapresa* was her only Name,
That to poor Fishers now she did belong,
Who Christians were, tho' Savage *Turks* among:
At this the Virgin's Hopes again revive,
And she seem'd pleas'd that she's reserv'd alive;
But wonder'd much in this unhappy State,
What Cause she had to be so soon elate.

76 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Then to her kind Protectress thus she said,
In Pity to a young and harmless Maid,
Dear *Carapresa* some Assistance lend,
That I my Life and Honour may defend
From these Barbarians, nor by them be found.
And 'scape those Dangers that my Life surround

The kind poor Woman does in haste retire,
And dress'd herself in all her best Attire;
Then to *Constantia* with a smiling Air,
Returning now, she cries Suspend Despair,
And come with me to yon fair Neigh'ring Seat,
Where I'll provide you a secure Retreat;
They went, and soon a kind Admittance found,
To a Majestick Matron much renown'd
For ev'ry Virtue, but above the rest
For Gen'rous Bounty to the Poor distress'd.
To whom the Guide advancing, 'gins to tell
The strange Misfortunes that the Maid befall;
And, to induce her to be still more kind,
Th' heroic Virtues that adorn'd her Mind.

The melancholy Story soon o'ercame
With gen'rous Pity the relenting Dame,

Who

New Miscellaneous Poems. 77

Who bath'd in Tears embrac'd th' afflicted Fair,
And takes her under her peculiar Care.
Recluse from Men with pleasing Care employ'd,
With more Companions of her Sex beside.
In unknown various Oriental Arts,
She soon the Language of those Eastern parts,
So diff'ring from her own, with Ease obtain'd;
And from her gen'rous Lady quickly gain'd
Esteem, and much respected by the rest,
She liv'd, and Love seem'd banish'd from her Breast.

While thus the lost and much-lamented Fair,
Whom e'er to re-behold, her Friend's despair,
Retir'd in *Susa* was confin'd to stay,
And spent in pleasing Chat her time away.
It chanc'd a Lord in fam'd *Granada's* Town,
By War ambitious to obtain Renown.
To th' Sov'reignty of *Tunis* did pretend
A Right undoubted, threatening to contend
For the dear Prize to which he long aspir'd
Against the lawful King; thus vainly fir'd,
A formidable Army soon he made,
And did the peaceful Town in furious haste invade.

78 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Martucio, who by long Confinement there
 Had learn'd the Language, quickly came to hear
 The num'r us Forces, the disorder'd State
 Were raising to resist a Pow'r so great;
 Therefore in haste he to the Keeper told,
 He'd form'd a Project, might he once unfold
 The same in Person to the gen'rous King,
 That wou'd sure Conquest to his Armies bring.
 This to his Lord the Substitute declares,
 Who with the Tydings to the Court repairs;
 At this the King with speed dispatch'd away
 Men to the Goal, to bring without delay
Martucio to him; when the Youth appear'd,
 And with due Homage had the Crown rever'd,
 His Majesty commands him then to tell,
 By what strange means he might with ease expel
 Th' approaching Forces of the pow'rful Foe,
 And save his Country from impending Woe.
 The wise Contrivance he at length reveal'd,
 By which he knew they might obtain the Field;
 And now the King and Court with great Applause
 Approv'd his Council, while with loud Huzza's
 The People Joy to see the Prince elate,
 Who seem'd before dejected at his Fate.

To

To Arms they hasten to defend their Right,
 And 'gainst unequal Numbers join the Fight.
 The twanging Bow, and slender pois'nous Dart
 Were so contriv'd by this brave Captive's Art,
 * That to the Foe they useless wou'd remain,
 When lodg'd amongst them on the Crimson Plain:
 But all their Arrows these amongst them found,
 They made against their Enemy rebound;
 Thus show'rs of Darts upon their empty Foe,
 They unresist'd at the last cou'd throw,
 And soon a glorious Conquest did obtain,
 And with triumphant Shouts return'd again;
 While great *Martucio*, crown'd with endless Praise,
 The grateful Monarch did to just Preferment raise.

Soon his Deserts and due Promotion, Fame
 O'er all the Kingdom did aloud proclaim;
 And soon the News to fair *Constantia* came.
 Now Love, that smoth'ring in her Bosom lay,
 And by Oblivion seem'd expell'd away,

Breaks

* The Stratagem was, to make the Knotch at the Bottom of their Arrows to be very small, and to have small Strings to their Bows, by this means they might use the Enemies Arrows again upon them, tho' they were incapable of using theirs.

80 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Breaks out in Flames more furious than before,
 For the dear Youth she did so much adore:
 Then to her gen'rous Lady she reveal'd
 The Tale of Love, which she before conceal'd;
 And all her Life and Parentage relates,
 And Persecutions of the furious Fates,
 Desiring leave to *Tunis* to remove,
 To feast her Senses with the Scene of Love.
 Her fond Protector kindly condescends,
 And her so constant Passion much commends.
 Then gladly Travell'd with the longing Maid,
 To the dear place where her *Martucio* staid;
 And with a kind Relation lodg'd the Fair,
 Who entertain'd them with obliging Care.
 The good old Lady then with speed prepares
 To find the Youth, and to him soon declares
 The joyful Tidings, that his only Dear,
 The fair *Constantia*, was in Safety near.

The glad *Martucio* grateful Thanks return'd,
 And with extream Desire t'embrace her burn'd;
 Then with the Matron hast'ning, soon arriv'd,
 Where now remain'd his long lost Prize alive.

Soon

New Miscellaneous Poems. 81

Soon as the Maid beheld his conqu'ring Charms,
With sudden Transport fainted in his Arms.
The Youth too drown'd in Exstasie, perceiv'd
Her beauteous Form, but scarce his Eyes believ'd.
In silent Adoration, and amaz'd,
A while they stood; at last *Martuccio* rais'd
From his extream Surprise, he sighing cry'd,
And art thou still alive my lovely Bride,
Whom long I fancy'd in the Seas wer't drown'd,
Have I again my vanish'd Angel found?
To her Embraces then like Lightning flew,
And mutual Loves did once again renew;
And to each other did by turns impart,
The various Chances, and the stinging Smart
By cruel Absence caus'd, and wild Despair,
And their Misfortunes sweetly did compare.
Then kindly parting, to the King he went,
And having told the wond'rous Accident,
Begs his Permission to depart away
Th'is Native Country, there till Death to stay
With his lov'd Beauty. Soon the Prince consents,
And e'er the Constant Pair from *Tunis* went,
With noble Presents loads the gen'rous Boy,
Who did with Nuptial Rites compleat his Joy.

Not

82 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Nor did the grateful Youth neglect the Dame,
By whose kind means he to *Constantia* came ;
But loads with Rich magnificent Rewards
The gen'rous Matron, whom he much regards.

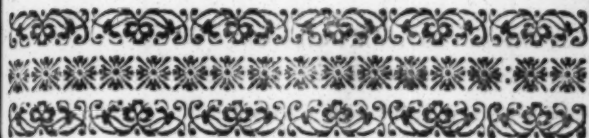
Then to *Lipari* they at length remov'd,
Where last they parted, and where first they lov'd.
Great was the Joy with which they were receiv'd,
Who drown'd or slain had been by all believ'd.
With costly Banquets for a while they feast,
And long remain'd with endless Pleasures blest.



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These three from the *Italian*.

I.

*In Praise of Beauty in a Wife before
Wit and Riches.*

Giovanni Vaghi

Fuggite Amore, &c.

YE Beauteous Youths to Happiness design'd,
Fly Love, that fell Contagion of the Mind;
Love like devouring *Aetna* always burns,
Calcines the Soul, and all to Ashes turns.

But if the genial Heat too strong inspires,
Runs Riot, and blows up unruly Fires;

If

84 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

If the Blood's Torrent too impetuous grows,
And o'er its Banks, and o'er its Limits flows;
Let *Hymen's* Sacred Rites repel its Rage,
Let *Hymen's* Lenitives the tumid Heat assuage.
His Gordian Knot the lavish Soul restrains,
His Bands are noble, and rever'd his Chains.
But then what sort of Woman you should chuse,
Take Sage Advice, and trust th' experienc'd Muse.

Take not a Lady whose Perfection lies,
In being very Rich, or very Wise.
A stately Dame, that brings a mighty Store
Of *Tagus's* Sands and *India's* shining Ore,
Holds high her lofty Crest, and let's you know
Her Part's to rule, yours to comply and bow.
Hence Quarrels and Domestick Jars ensue;
Farewel then Love, and mutual Joys adieu:
Love cannot stay where daily Feuds arise:
Shun then a wealthy Consort, if you're wise.

A witty Woman next avoid with care;
As of a Plague, of Woman's Wit beware.
Delicious Musick of a restless Tongue!
She's always right, and ever in the wrong.

Vainly

New Miscellaneous Poems. 85

Vainly conceited of her Wit and Parts,
Daily her noisſie Eloquence exerts,
Fertile in Words, and quick at Repartee,
Rather than ſail the Husband ſhan't go free;
For nothing 'ſcapes a Lady's Raillery.
Surely the Man muſt lead a happy Life,
That's bleſ'd with ſuch a Treafure of a Wife.
Eternal Clamour, damn'd Impertinence
Flows from a Female vain of Wit and Senſe.
Place this amongſt your moſt unerring Rules,
Wives that ſet up for Wits are double Fools.

But would you in a Marriage State be bleſt,
Take a bright Beauty to your glowing Breſt,
Beauty's the Flower of all human Joys,
That like *Nepenthe* cheers, but never cloyſ.
O let a beauteous Nymph be all your Care,
A Wife is nothing if ſhe be not fair.
Money and Wit in vain the Paſſions move,
'Tis Beauty only can excite our Love.
So upon *Ida's* Top the *Phrygian* Swain,
With Patience heard two Goddeſſes complain.
Riches and Wiſdom, Gold and Witty Arts
In vain would Charm, 'tis Beauty conquers Hearts.

H

Thu^s

86 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Thus the fair Tulip captivates the Eye,
Whilst Marigolds and Paunseys quite neglected lie.



II.

In Praise of Wit before Beauty and Riches.

*Belta che vale
Se lieve e frale, &c.*

Beauty, thou vain Imaginary Good,
By most admir'd, by no one understood,
With what high speed thy Glories haste away,
Alas! they are too Volatile to stay.
Airy and fugitive like Vapours fly,
When rising *Phæbus* gilds the Morning Sky.

And what can Gold and glitt'ring Gems bestow,
Since their Possessors small Contentment know?

With

New Miscellaneous Poems. 87

With weighty Care abundance loads the Mind,
Riches, to no one certain place confin'd,
Have Eagle's Wings, and soon out-strip the Wind.

Beauty indeed is like the Tulip gay,
And all her shining Glories does display;
But Tulips wither, Beauty fades away.
Time, or some little envious Malady,
Makes the Rose languish, and the Lilly dye.
Then the recover'd Dame consults her Glass,
To view her usual Beauty, but alas!
The faithful Mirrour shows another Face.
Beauty's a Flower of delightful hue;
But all the Cheats of Beauty none e'er knew.
Those Silken Leaves a thousand Plagues contain,
Myriads of Woes, Eternity of Pain.
Those Silken Trappings are a rich Disguise,
Under each Leaf a deadly Aspick lies.

Those that of Gold a mighty Store possess,
Gain Admiration from the Populace.
The Crowd is pleas'd with Pageantry and Show,
All see their Pomp, but few their Troubles know.

88 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Slaves to their Passions, always full of Cares,
Tortur'd to Death with Jealousies and Fears.
Pride, Envy, Malice, Folly, Self-conceit
Attend a Woman of a large Estate,
Always uneasie at she knows not what.

Farewell then Beauty and a handsome Face,
Riches I scorn, 'tis Wit alone can please.
Wit is the noblest Jewel of the Mind,
Which many seek, but very few can find.
Give me a witty Woman to my Arms,
A witty Woman has resistless Charms.
To please her Husband is her only Care,
Nor pride's her self in being Rich, or Fair.
Ne'er racks his Soul with dull insipid Tales
Of what is worn, and how the Mode prevails.
Nor of the largeness of her Fortune tells,
And how her Stock his Family excels,
Such nauseous Stuff a prudent Wife abhors,
As what may Love destroy, and raise intestine Wars.
She knows to sweeten Life, and bears a share
Of all his Pleasure, and of all his Care.
Grieves when he's griev'd, and when he's pleas'd she
smiles,
And sweet Discourse the tedious Hours beguiles.

Best is the Man that has this Treasure found,
With happy happy Days his Life is crown'd,
And one Eternal Spring of Love goes round.



III.

*In the Praise of Riches before Wit
and Beauty.*

*E Follia d'Amante infano
Dii, ch'io guardo lo'feri, &c.*

SUrely that Lover's mad, that will declare
He is entangled by a Look, or Hair;
Or that the Lilly of his Lady's Hand,
Or the Lips Coral can his heart command;
Or that a little Laugh or gentle Smile,
Can into am'rous Flames his Soul beguile.
Tis all Hyperbole, and nothing true,
Beauty, meer Beauty, this can never do.

90 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Beauty I grant, and, may be, too have found
Has mighty Charms, and can severely wound.
But it is only then (when Gold is join'd
To Beauty's Charms) she captivates the Mind.
In vain the lovely Archer takes his Bow,
Unless with Golden Fires his Arrows glow.
In vain to wound the lovely Archer tries,
In vain, unless the golden Arrows flies.
Useless his Quiver, useless are his Darts,
Unless they're tip'd with Gold they seldom conquer
Hearts.

But when they come with such Perfection crown'd
The Heart's enthrall'd, and owns the am'rous wound.
Darts tip'd with Lead are never made for Love,
They have no point, besides too slow they move,
Or sink beneath their own unweildy weight,
•Or if they reach, Disgust not Love create.

I can't but own Beauty to me is vain,
A Foolish Toy unworthy of a Man.
Let the gay Idols be by Fools ador'd,
Set off with fulsom Praise, and many a pompons Word,
Such as the Poet's Re'xeries invent.
And Rhyming Fools to gull the Innocent.
Like Wit 'tis all a Cheat, and all a Cant.

Too well they know that Beauty is a Toy
Phantastick, and a childish Vanity.
They therefore dress her up in rich Array,
Teeth are the Teeth, the Lips like Rubies play;
It's the Breasts, and Sapphire are the Veins;
The Hair all Mettal, but bright Gold, disdains.
By which 'tis obvious to all Men of Sense,
Beauty from Gold (they think) derives her Excellence,
So the Apothecary shows his Skill,
To please a squeamish Stomach gilds the Pill.

Beauty alone is for a sickly Mind,
Robuster Souls 'tis only Gold can bind.
With painted Shades themselves let others please,
And golden Dreams and beauteous Images:
My Heart is touch'd with a Substantial good,
Gold charms my Soul, and Riches fire my Blood.

The Gold and Gems that on *Parnassus* grow,
But slender Satisfaction can bestow;
They have too little Nutriment to fill,
Cold is the Clime, too Airy is the Hill.
I'm charm'd with Jewels of another hue,
Not from *Parnassus*, but from thee *Pern*.

92 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

That Lady that is blest with Store of Coin,
 Shall be my Saint, her Charms are all Divine,
 I'll offer all my Incense at her Shrine.
 For she that has of Gold a plenteous store,
 Is wond'rous Witty and extreamly Fair.
 Riches do mighty Wonders ev'ry Day,
 Make crooked strait, the sullen-humour'd gay.
 If she has Mony, tho' a Dwarf she's tall,
 Witty and Beautiful, for Mony's all in all.





T O

Mr. Ambrose Philips,

On his Excellent Tragedy call'd
The Distrest Mother.

By a Young Gentleman.

S I R,

Could my Lays, like *Steele's* Immor al Strain,
Intrance each Heart, enliven ev' y Vein:
Could I, like *Addison*, sublimely soar,
And see the World my flowing Lines adore,

Thou

94 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Thou lov'd, unknown, should'st be my Muse's
Theme ;

By potent Numbers, I'd record thy Name,
In the vast Volumes of Eternal Fame.

Orpheus, with Numbers, when inspir'd by Love,
In graceful Order made whole Forests move.
Inspir'd by Merit, I would Men invite,
Not senseless Woods, to see thy wondrous flight.

With such a Pencil *Philips'* Praise I'd paint,
Such Colours Time it self shou'd never taint !
Philips I'd carve, sweet *Philips* should be found
On ev'ry Bark that's worthy of the Wound :
Philips with secret Pleasure I'd rehearse :
And by his Name add Honours to my Verse.
That *Philips* who, of *Spencer's* harmless Swains,
With *Spencer's* Genius, sings in smoother Strains,
Philips should be the burthen of my Song ;
And Echo's Voice should *Philips'* Praise prolong !

Then I'd sing how the buskin'd Bard belov'd,
With *British* Fire the great *Racin* improv'd :

How

New Miscellaneous Poems. 95

How bright each Thought, with what attractive Grace
Observ'd the Rules of Action, Time and Place.
His Stile how noble, adequate and full,
High without Bombast, humble, yet not dull.
Philips in ev'ry Scene, with Judgment writ;
In ev'ry Scene the bent of Nature hit.

The Friends so well their gen'rous Love express,
So oft their Complaints, so tender their Address,
His Author ev'ry Line a gen'rous Friend confess. }

Pyrrhus in Love or War exerts his Fire,
Full of *Achilles* his undaunted Sire;
Thwarts all the Threats of *Greece*, resolv'd to gain's
desire. }

Fair *Hellen's* Daughter in *Epirus* Court,
In all its Poms does Royal Pride support:
Just like her Sex, to no sure Point confin'd,
Restless as Thought, and wav'ring as the Wind:
Her fond *Orestes*, now, by all the Loves,
By Beauty's Goddesses, and her flutt'ring Doves,
Adjures to execute her purpose sworn;
Upbraids him then with Infamy and Scorn.

The

96 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

The Widow does so movingly express,
 For her lov'd *Hector* that unforc'd Distress;
 And for her Son what fond indulgent Cares,
 Each falling Tear, each stifled Sigh declares.
 With Pity ev'ry Hearer pleads her Cause;
 Her Dream with Horror ev'ry Hearer awes;
 And Sympathizing Grief from ev'ry Hearer draws.

Prophetick Raptures fill my ravish'd Mind;
Philips, I feel the rushing God reclin'd.

When he whose Wisdom rules the Realms above,
 Conveys thee to the Choire of tuneful Love;
 Thy *Mother* long shall crouded Stages view;
 And Bards unborn, with Tears, its just Applause re-
 new.

While Ladies from their Lovers Verse require
 While the Polite praise true Poetick Fire;
 While busie Merchants to the Change resort,
 Fops to the Ring, and Wiltings to the Court,
 While a just Stile from Fustian may be known,
 And by sure Tokens Vice from Virtue shown:

As long as the *Spectator* shall be read,
Or the fam'd Stocking grace the Bridal Bed,
Till great *Racin* no more shall Lovers ease,
Nay, ev'n till *Sapho's* self shall fail to please;
Till Time, our Language, ev'ry thing shall blast,
So long thy Work, thy Praise, thy Name shall last!





Reflections on these Words:

All things submit to Love.

By the same Hand.

ALL things submit to Love; with careful Eyes
 Survey the nether World and upper Skies;
 Their ev'ry Product which are good and fair
 Proceed from Love, or Thoughtful Lovers are.
 The Earth's a Lover; and the Realms above;
 The Seas are like to force their Banks with Love
 Remark yon Star which sits behind the Sun,
 Whose Horses now with speed begin to run:
 Observe its wanton rolling Eye, and how
 Spangles around beset and deck its Brow.

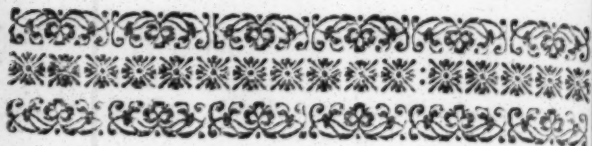
That

New Miscellaneous Poems. 99

That Star's in Love, and did but lately part
(Were the Truth known) from him that has her
Heart.

See in the Woods their am'rous Meetings keep,
And so do Whales and Dolphins in the Deep.
That pretty Bird which sings in yonder Grove,
That pretty Bird is touch'd with Flames of Love.
Mind how he springs about from Spray to Spray,
His ev'ry Flight, and all his turns survey;
His Love directs his Flight and his Return,
And could he speak he'd say, With Love I burn.
This his Heart dictates, nay his Tongue declares
To's Mate who knows the Language of his Airs.
See how she too, on yonder pregnant Seat,
In Answer Lisps, I burn with equal heat.
Behold the Squirrel there, consider how
He trips from Tree to Tree, from Bough to Bough;
Mind how he loads himself with Nuts, and then
Conveys his burthen to his little Den:
These friskins please his Love; the Nuts he stores
To treat the Charmer whom his Soul adores.
The Lions roar not for their Prey; but rise
To call their Lovers to their longing Eyes.

100 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*



THE
Syren's *Invitation to Ulysses.*

From Hom. Odyss. Lib. 12.

F R A G M E N T.

By the same Hand.

O Come, *Ulysses*, quickly come ashore,
Too long you've heard the angry Billows roar;
Your Fame long since throughout the World is known
The greatest Glory of the *Gracian* Throne.
Fam'd Hero come, and hear our tuneful Lays;
Our Songs are sweet and worth your solid Praise.
No wandering Mortal e'er approach'd our Isle,
But staid to hear our Heav'nly Tunes awhile.

None



New Miscellaneous Poems. 101

None wjth our Musick e'er were entertain'd,
But rap'r'ous Joys possess'd, and Wisdom gain'd.
O'er your Ship awhile at Anchor bide;
Nor pierce the Waves, and struggle with the Tide,
Before our warbling Tunes have pleas'd your Sense;
Before you've heard our Lays, and carried Wisdom
hence.

Hawl out your Boat to view our pleasing Isle,
We'll charm your Ears, and ease you for the Toil.
The brave Exploits which were at *Ilium* done
By you, and all the *Greeks*, to us are known:
Nay nothing passes in the Earthly Sphere,
But what we know, but what the *Syrens* hear.

O come, fam'd Chief, nor willing Ears refuse
To such harmonious Lays as *Phæbus* self might use.





Shape and Mein. To Mira.

By the same Hand.

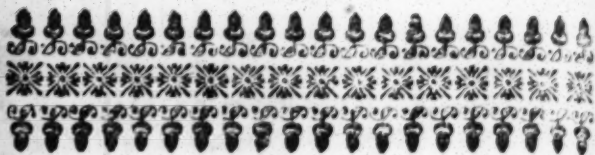
THE World, the Learned World, conspire to praise
 At once the *Mantuan* and *Macnian* Lays;
 Nor hardly can, 'tis difficult to tell
 Which most deserves, they both so much excel.
 Consider, Fair, your Shape and Mien create
 As great, as hard, as weighty a Debate:
 Some say your Shape prevails with greater Pow'r;
 And some in loftiest Strains your Mein adore.
 Alas, at once the mutual Victors bleed;
 Yet none can tell from which their Wounds proceed!

New Miscellaneous Poems. 103

Ceres her Torch, her Fruit *Pomona* bears ;
Vesta the Drum, her Helmet *Pallas* wears :
Peacocks attend the Sister-wife of *Jove*,
Diana Dogs, and Doves the Queen of Love,
Such Arms we think to Goddesses are due ;
Swoln Eyes, and bleeding Hearts, belong to you.



The



The Eighth Idyll. of Theocritus.

Translated by the same Hand.

DAPHNIS, MENALCAS, Goatherd.

D*aphnis* his Kine down in a Vale did keep,
While on a Hill above *Menalcas* kept his Sheep.
Both Swains were golden hair'd, both of them young;
They both could Pipe, and both could sing a Song.
But first *Menalcas* did his Silence break,
And in such Terms as these to *Daphnis* speak.

MENALCAS.

Did you in earnest say you'd sing with me?
I tell thee *Daphnis* I can conquer thee.

To which the Herdsman made this short Reply;

DAPHNIS.

New Miscellaneous Poems. 105

DAPHNIS.

I would advise thee, Shepherd, not to try.
Take my Advice, and lay your boasts aside;
For when you've spoil'd your Lungs, in vain your
self you'll chide.

MENALCAS.

But for a Wager will you strive whose Skill
Excels in Singing?

DAPHNIS.

Shepherd, yes I will.

MENALCAS.

What equal Prize records the Victor's Fame?

DAPHNIS.

Against the Lamb that sips of yonder Stream,
I'll stake this Calf.

MENALCAS.

I must not stake a Lamb.

For should I lose, my Parents cross and old
Would storm; they nightly number all the Fold.

DAPHNIS.

What then *Menalcas* shall the Conqueror get?

MENALCAS.

I have a Pipe which ne'er was pip'd with yet.

106 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

I my self made it, and both ends did bind
Closely with Wax, the whitest of its kind.
And though their Goods I dare not lose; yet still
My own I'll venture, Marry that I will.

DAPHNIS.

And I have one as pleasing to the view
As yours, as good, as tuneful, and as new.
For as I lately form'd the sounding Reed,
It prick'd my Fingers, see as yet they bleed.
But praehee, Shepherd, who shall judge the Cause;
Whose Voice shall crown the Victor with Applause?

MENALCAS.

We'll call the Goatherd, who perhaps may hear,
Look *Whitefoot* barks as he approaches near.

And strait the Swains the Goatherd call aloud,
He heard their Call, and made what haste he could,
They crav'd the Goatherd's Judgment; he agreed,
Menalcas first, then *Daphnis* tun'd his Reed.
Alternate Lays the echoing Mountains rang,
And first by Lot the shrill *Menalcas* sang.

MENALCAS.

Ye Vales and Springs Divine! If e'er your Swains,
Menalcas, warbled with a pleasing Strain,

Then

New Miscellaneous Poems. 107

Then feed my Lambs: If *Daphnis* hither e'er
Come with his Kine; let them your Sweetness share.

DAPHNIS.

Ye Herbs, ye Flow'rs, and ye delightful Grass,
If *Daphnis* Songs the Nightingal's surpass,
Or equal; feed my Kine: If hither come
Menalcas' Lambs, with fatness send 'em home.

MENALCAS.

There a continual Spring and Pastures choice,
Fatten the Lambs, and make the Swains rejoice;
Where *Mopsa* comes; but when she goes away,
The Shepherds wither, and the Herbs decay.

DAPHNIS.

There Flocks of Sheep, there Goats with Twins
arrive.

There Bees with Honey fill the burthen'd Hive;
There Trees, whose Branches pierce the Clouds,
abound,

Where stately *Milo* treads with Praises crown'd;
But when the Charmer leaves the fragrant Air,
The Herdsmen pine, and ev'n the Herds despair.

MENALCAS.

Haste to yon Streams, ye lofty Trees, O Goat
The white Kid's Husband, and the Kids to boot:

For

108 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

For there he walks, see there his Steps proceed
Whose Sea Calves *Proteus*, tho' a God, did feed.

DAPHNIS.

Nor heaps of Gold employ my carking Mind,
Nor by swift running to out-strip the Wind:
But on that Rock to sit and sing, my Dear
Within these Arms, and Herds at Pasture here.

MENALCAS.

Rough Winter Winds to Trees, to Waters heat,
Lime-twigs to Birds, to Beasts of Prey the Net,
Are ill pernicious; Weazles to the Dove,
Maid's Love to Man; not I alone, great *Jove*.
But thou thy self hast felt the Flame of Love.

Alternate Numbers thus the Shepherds sang,
And the last part *Menalcas* thus began.

MENALCAS.

Wolf spare my Lambs, O spare my Tender Flock,
Nor spoil their Feeding, nor their Footsteps shock;
O let them safely through their Pastures bleat,
For I am little, and my Charge is great.
What *Spock* asleep! so fast asleep at Noon!
Faith *Spock* you shall not go to sleep so soon.

And

New Miscellaneous Poems. 109

And you, my Flock, feed well, nor suffer Fear
Of future Want to make you now to spare.
What, though you closely crop the Flow'ry Plain,
The verdant Grass will quickly grow again.
Feed that the Lambs may swig the burthen'd
Tear,
And gen'rous Pails of Milk your Master get.

Fair *Daphnis* then resum'd his tuneful Strain.

DAPHNIS.

And as I drove my Herd to yonder Plain
But Yesterday, I gently jogg'd along,
My Herd was large, and Heifers great with Young;
A pretty Girl thus spake from yonder Grove;
Daphnis is fair; how stately does he move;
Ah! me! he's fit for all the Joys of Love.

I lik'd her Speech: yet made no smart Reply;
But still pass'd on, and seem'd the Ground to eye.
Soft Winds are sweet; young *Colly* sweetly lows,
Sweet is the Heifer's Milk, and sweet the Cows:
'Tis sweet in Summer time to seek the Shades;
And quell the Heat with cool refreshing Glades.

110 *New Miscellaneous Poems:*

Acorns the Oak, the Pear Tree Pears adorn,
Green Grass the Meads, and Fields the bearded Corn;
Fat Lambs their Sheep; sleek Calves their Cows
commend,
And Herds of Kine their Swain from Scorn defend.

The Swains thus Sang, and thus the Goatherd
said —————

G O A T H E R D.

Thy Songs are charming, *Daphnis*, and the Voice
That in such Songs as these itself employs;
Thy Warblings yield the ravish'd Ear repast
As sweet, bright Youth, as Honey to the Taste.
Receive the Pipe, you sing without! compare;
Receive the Pipe, for you the Victor are.
Oh! would you teach me how to Sing like you,
That Goat, the best of all my Herd's your due:
That Goat, which Nightly fills my largest Pail
With Milk, like Nectar, which the Gods exhale.

The Boy at this rejoic'd, he leap'd, and beat
The Ground, like Kid in sight of Mother's Teats:

The

New Miscellaneous Poems. I I I

The other pin'd, and veil'd his Face, like Bride
At first just taken to the Bridegroom's Side.

Thus Jovial *Daphnis* by his tuneful Strains,
Gain'd the Delight of all the *Sylvan* Swains;
And from that Hour the lovely *Nais* charm'd,
Made a glad Wife, and all her Frowns disarm'd.





Theocritus Idyll. 19. Imitated.

By the same Hand.

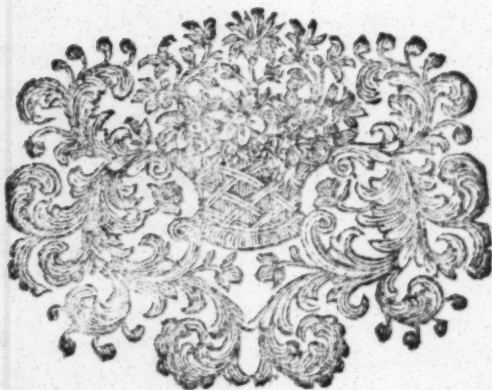
Young *Cupid* early in the Morn,
 (Th' unluckiest Rogue that e'er was born)
 Flew from his Mother's Palace Gate,
 Before he had so much as eat
 One single piece of Butter'd Bread;
 (For two his Mother us'd to spread)
 He, heedless Boy! so far did stray;
 Besides, not knowing well his way;
 That he could not return again
 To th' place from whence at first he came
 By Noon; which is the time for Dinner
 Of Gods and Men, of Saint and Sinner.

He,

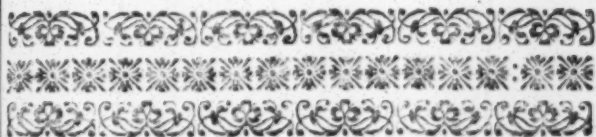
He, knowing this, and being fly,
Who was nurs'd up in Roguery,
Was thinking how he should, while ambling,
Preserve his hungry Guts from wambling,
Whilst musing thus, by chance he sees
Before him Hives of luscious Bees.
No sooner did he spy the Hives,
With Joy, to plunder one he strives:
But as too hastily he went
About t' accomplish his intent;
A Bee (unlucky be it's Birth!)
Prick'd him, and pall'd's intended Mirth.
The Boy, at this, beat on the Ground,
Mourn'd much and often rubb'd his Wound;
But still the more he rubb'd, the more
Would Pain increase, his Flesh be sore.
He therefore to his Mother flies,
And, sobbing, in her Bosom lies.
Quoth she, my pretty Tiny Thief,
Who is't hath hurt thee? why do'st grieve?
Says he, Mamma, a little thing,
With golden Wings, and pointed Sting,
Hath prick'd my little Finger so,
How angry, see the Blood doth flow!

114 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

His Mother, smiling, said A'n't you
Just like that thing in all you do?
For when you twang your fatal Dart
In an unwary Lover's Heart,
How very small do you appear!
And yet how large your Breaches are!



BEL.



BELPHEGOR:

O R,

The Marriage of the Devil.

ONCE on a time as Ancient Stories tell,
And 'tis recorded in the Chronicle
Of Florence, if you'll credit *Machiavell*,
There liv'd a Hermit venerably Sage,
For Piety the Wonder of the Age:
This Rev'rend Father had a Dream, it seems.
(And Saints you know have very often Dreams)
'Twas after Vespers on a Holyday,
When this good Man in pious Vision lay;

He

116 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

He saw, and plainly too, a World of Souls
Of married Men that throng'd to Hell in Shoals,
Who all with Sighs did piteously declare,
The Jadest their Wives, (Pox on 'em) sent 'em there,

This News to *Lucifer* full soon was sent,
Who issu'd Writs, and call'd a Parliament :
His Majesty was fully bent to know,
If what the Wretches said was really so.
New was the Matter, weighty the Affair,
So to his Aid he call'd each Sooty Peer.
The Peers soon came, shut was th' Eternal Door,
So full a House was never known before.
Cloath'd in their Sables ev'ry Noble met.
Scarce on the dismal Woolpack were they set.
When *Lucifer* wav'd round his Eben Wand,
Strok'd his Mustachio's down, and thus began.

My Lords, said he, this Day we've call'd you here
T' advise about a new, but grand Affair.
'Tis what concerns the Honour of our Crown,
So freely let your Sentiments be known.
The Married Men, who hither come so fast,
The blame upon their Wives (I'm told) have cast.

They

New Miscellaneous Poems. 117

They were the Cause (they say) of all their Crimes,
And sent them posting to these lower Climes.
The thing is very odd if it be so,
We doubt the Fact, and fain the Truth would know.
Now since you've heard the case entire from me,
I beg my Lords you'd expeditious be,
And on some proper Ways and Means agree;
That we may sift this Matter thoroughly out,
My Lords, and be no longer left in doubt.

They all arose, and with a loud Applause
Show'd low, and own'd th' Importance of the Cause.
Gave their Opinions; first the Barons spoke,
Then Earls, and last their Graces silence broke.
Some said that one in whom they could confide,
Should to the World be sent and there reside.
Marry if need were, and Experience well
Each Circumstance, and so the better tell
The Embassy's Event at his return to Hell.
Some said they thought that one was not enough,
Doubtless a Number would bring better proof:
Thus Words did Words, Debate Debates succeed,
Till the Votes past, and then it was decreed

That

118 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

That one alone should to the World be sent
Forthwith. and make the Grand Experiment.
But ev'ry Devil did the Task deny,
Shrunk back, and said they were afraid to try:
But 'twas concluded on by all at last,
Chance should decide it, and let Lots be cast:
Thus fully all agreed, the Lots they throw,
And poor *Belphegor* was condemn'd to go.

The Lot was lucky, and it happen'd well,
Belphegor was the fittest Devil in Hell.
Perfect in Stratagems, had all his Arts,
Genteel, and really was a Dev'l of Parts;
But yet he try'd, and fain he would get free,
But could not, from th' Ungrateful Embassie.
The King gave Orders for good store of Coin,
Ten thousand Guineas in his Pockets shine.
To that of Man his Form must straitway change,
And o'er the Court, and o'er the Country range.
Woe where he pleas'd, but sure to take a Wife,
And try the Blessings of a Married Life.
For ten long Years if possible, and then
He should have leave to come to Hell again,

And

New Miscellaneous Poems. 119

And there upon his Corp'ral Oath declare,
What Plagues in Wedlock, and what Pleasures were,

A splendid Equipage he now prepares,
And swiftly tow'rs the upper Region steers.
To *Florence* fair *Belphegor* took his way,
Florence the ever beautiful and gay.
There takes a House magnificent and great,
And gives it out he has a vast Estate.
Large his Attendance, sumptuous was his Train,
His Person Princely, and admir'd his Mien:
Graceful his Carriage, and his Age appears
Only to be about some thirty Years.
His Servants said from *Spain* their Master came,
A *Spaniard* born, *Don Red'rick* was his Name;
But that he much preferr'd th' *Italian* Air.
So left his own, and came to settle there.

No one more gen'rous Acts of Bounty show'd,
His House was open, Wine like Water flow'd:
Of such Magnificence all *Florence* rung;
The Great admir'd, the Poor his Bounties sung,
Reem'd and lov'd, and blest by ev'ry Tongue.

It

120 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

It was not long before he fell in Love,
 (And Love you see can ev'n the Devil move)
 Noble her Birth, but the fair *Florentine*
 Good stock of Beauty had, but not of Coin:
Honest was this conqu'ring Lady's Name,
 Extreacmly handsome, but a haughty Dame;
 But haughty as she is her Charms inspire,
 The *Don* with Love, who burns with strong desire,
 Must wed the Fair, so close his Fate pursues,
 Consent obtains, and ties the fatal Noose.

And now the *Don* begins to live as high
 As any of the prime Nobility.
 And more enamour'd still, and more he grows,
 Never was Man so happy in a Spouse:
 It was his whole Delight and only Care
 To study how to please the charming Fair;
 But fiercer as his growing Passion burns,
 She makes his growing Passion serve her turns;
 And having found she'd gain'd his very Soul,
 Like a true Wife usurps the Pow'r to rule:
 If what she ask'd him he perchance deny'd,
 Her Tongue grew nimble, and full quick reply'd;

New Miscellaneous Poems. 121

And let him knew she cou'd as noisie be,
As any of her Sex or Quality.
This you must think *Don Rod'rick* took amiss,
It pall'd his Joys, and sower'd all his Bliss.
This Carriage could not chuse in time but prove
A mighty Cooler to his mighty Love.
He grows Impatient, Vows, Protests and Swears
Her haughty Insolence to him appears
More insupportable than *Lucifer's*.
His Lady he must please at vast Expence
On ev'ry Whim, and ev'ry vain Pretence.
Their Cloaths, tho' rich and gay, will never do:
He's Sick, unless they ev'ry Week have new.
Thus he submits like condescending Spouse,
To please his Wife, who leads him by the Nose.

All ends not here, much further goes her Pride;
For her Relations too Spouse must provide:
Put her two Brothers in a handsome way,
Marry her Sisters, and their Portions pay.

Don Roderick (my Story to pursue)
Submits (what would you have poor Devil do?)

purs,

Like

L

Marries

120 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

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Submits (what would you have poor Devil do?)

122 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Marries the Girls, the Brothers strait supplies
 With Ships full freighted with rich Merchandize.
 These were sufficient Curses you may swear,
 And more than any Devil alive could bear;
 But the confoundedst Plague of all his Wife,
 Made the poor *Don* quite weary of his Life.
 In costly Entertainments, and in show
 He must the other Quality out-do.
 Three Days together not a Servant stays,
 Such Tempests can Imperious Females raise.
 All his Infernal Train forsakes the *Don*
 Frighted, to Hell return, and leave him all alone,
 And there protest 'tis possible for no Man,
 To bear so super-devilish a Woman.

Now he perceives that Riches fly with haste,
 His Bags exhausted, and his Treasures waste;
 And all the Comfort that his Soul can find,
 Is small, and full uncertain as the Wind;
 But it was all his hopes, his Ships at Sea
 Might rich return, and new Expence defray.
 He borrows then a round substantial Sum,
 Which he'll repay as soon as they come home.

But nothing can a Woman's Pride supply,
Extravagance will make a Million fly.
Honest still pursues her usual way,
Feeds full as high, and dresses full as gay.
This sinks the borrow'd Stock, and brings it low,
His Credit too begins to fail him now;
But as scarce no Misfortune comes alone,
Unhappy Rumours flew and reach'd the *Don*,
One of the Brother's Ships was cast away,
Himself and all the Treasure lost at Sea.
The other by as lewd a Fortune cross'd,
At the *frail Die* his Goods and Money lost.
When to his Creditors the News was known,
What Fortune had befall'n th' unhappy *Don*;
They soon agree the safest way and best,
Would be to lay him in a Prison fast.
Don Roderick soon Information had
Of all what 'twas they did, and what they said;
So takes his Horse, rides privately away,
For *Florence* was too hot for him to stay.
His Creditors the Matter understood;
They hir'd Horses and the *Don* pursu'd,
Who gives his Reins a loose, and Whips and Spurs,
And over Hedge and over Ditch he scow'rs.

124 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Like Lightning flies, till by a Meadow's side
 A little lonely Cottage he espy'd.
 This Hut own'd one *Mattheo* for its Lord,
 An honest Swain and careful of his Word,
 Whose Aid in civil Terms he thus implor'd.
 My Friend, I am a Gentleman distrest,
 By Bailiffs follow'd, but would shun th' Arrest.
 Undone if taken, for I know too well
 A Prison follows, and a Prison's Hell.
 See how I tremble like the hunted Hare;
 Upon my Honour here I Vow and Swear,
 If you'll secure me from the Catch-poles Claw
 (Catch-poles, the very Excrements of Law)
 I have a Secret of the finest Art,
 To you this noble Secret I'll impart :
 This will precure you soon a vast Estate,
 And make you ever rich and ever great.
 If I perform not what I now declare,
 Revenge your self, and let 'em know I'm here.
Mattheo first considers well the Case,
 And ev'ry Circumstance he sagely weighs.
 At last the Thoughts of Riches turn'd the Scale,
 Riches, when nothing else can do, prevail.

He

He thinks it just to take the weakest side,
And so resolves the trembling *Don* to hide.
Scarce done, when all the Creditors appear,
And ask if such a Gentleman was there.
Mattheo is entirely ignorant,
Protests he does not know what 'twas they meant;
I'm a poor honest Man — upon my Word,
A Gentleman! — and here — O Lord, O Lord.
Then they begin to Hector, Huff and Swear,
And vow'd that he had hid him somewhere there.
They swore they'd have him if above the Ground,
They search'd each Corner but no Debtor found.
Fear'd at last, no further they'll pursue;
But give him quite for lost, and all their Mony too:
To home with aking Hearts return again,
And only have their Labour for their Pain.

No sooner were the Searchers gone, but strait
Don Red'rick was releas'd by honest *Mat*,
Who now conjures him to perform his Vow,
And what he'd promis'd him sincerely do.
Don Red'rick was a Devil mighty good,
And ne'er was guilty of Ingratitude.

126 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

He freely then the Obligation own'd ;
Told him his Case, and *Mat* his Case bemoan'd.
Now honest Friend, says he, the Secret's this
That must procure you Wealth and Happiness ;
When you shall hear of any stately Dame
Possess'd by Devil, I that Devil am ;
And be assur'd I certainly will stay,
'Till you turn Exorcist, and Conjure me away.
You may with greatest Ease, for such a Cure,
As large a Sum, as you think fit, procure.
This said, there past a Compliment or two,
Then kiss'd, the Devil bid *Mat*, and *Mat* the Devil
adieu.

When he was gone, not many Days had pass'd
Before he heard a Lady was possess'd.
He strangely long'd to try th' Experiment,
And golden Mountains promis'd from th' Event.
To ease the wretched Lady of her Pain,
All Remedies were try'd, but try'd in vain.
Saint *Zanobe's* Relicks were with Zeal apply'd,
And then Saint *Galbert's* Cloak, and God knows what
beside ;

But And

But to the Patient Relicks did no good,
 When they were brought the Devil laugh'd aloud.
 To show that this was no invented Fit,
 He talk'd pure *Latin*, such as *Tully* writ,
 And in Philosophy would show his Wit.
 In Mood and Figure subtilly Dispute,
 And his Opponents Arguments in form refute.
 Then several little Secrets would reveal,
 Make many a Female blush, and many a Male.
 A certain Father, for good Life rever'd,
 He piqued, in spight of Sacred Hood and Beard;
 As if his Rev'rence kept in Fryars weed,
 A Wench to sweep his Cell, and warm his Bed,
 The Lady's Father now begins to fear
 Th' Event, and of a Remedy despair.
 When soon *Mattheo* came, and undertook
 The feat, if a good quantity of shining Angels spoke,
 Only one hundred Angels for his Fee
 Demands, and he'll soon set the Lady free.
Mattheo was a very honest Soul,
 And really would have don't without the Cole;
 But since his Pockets were but very low,
 He'd been to blame no doubt t'have done it so.
 The willing Father readily complies,
 And good *Mattheo* to his Patient hies,

128 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

That very difficult the thing might seem,
 And gain the People's Wonder and Esteem,
Mattheo in a very formal way
 Begins the Exorcism, begins to pray,
 With awkward Cer'monies made much ado,
 And mumbled over many Masses too:
 So to the afflicted Lady nearer drew.
 Then call'd *Don Red'rick* whispering in her Ear,
 Right, says *Don Red'rick*, honest *Mat* I'm here.
 I understand you, and I'll clearly show,
 That still I'll honourably deal by you,
 I'll keep my Word, and will this Moment go.
 To give you yet a more substantial Proof,
 For I'll allow you're not yet rich enough,
 To *Naples* now I fly, that shining Court
 Where Pleasure reigns, and Beaux and Belles resort.
 None of those Beauties will *Belphegor* seize,
 The fair young Princess only he'll possess,
 And stick t' her Royal Highness mighty close,
 'Till you *Mattheo* come and set him loose;
 There you may get what Treasure you desire,
 That done, be wise, and with Content retire.
 At *Rome*, or *Florence* live, or where you please,
 Enjoy your Pleasure, and enjoy your Ease,

But

New Miscellaneous Poems. 129

But ne'er come near me more, whate'er you do :
Be Wise, take good Advice, and so adieu.
This said, the Devil from the Dame retir'd,
The Cure perform'd, and all the Town admir'd.
Fame soon *Mattheo's* Miracle display'd,
And o'er the Town and o'er the Country spread.

Some few Days after a strange Rumour flew,
That *Naples* Princess was bedevill'd too.
The King all ways that could be thought of try'd,
Had Prayers said, and Physick too apply'd.
Physick and Prayers both alas were vain,
The Devil would not stir 'till *Matt* the Charm began,

But when to's Sacred Majesty 'twas known,
What mighty Wonders were in *Florence* done;
Post haste without delay sends to procure
Mattheo, who soon comes to work the Cure.
When all the usual formal Rites were o'er,
For *Matt*. would use the same he had done before,
The Devil flies; but e'er he took his leave,
His Sage Advice to good *Mattheo* gave;
Now surely you have got sufficient store.
Be content my Friend, and seek no more.

Enjoy

130 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Enjoy your Riches with a quiet Mind,
 Few have such luck, few such a Friend can find.
 I've kept my Word, no more this Trade pursue,
 Of playing th' Exorcist, for if you do
 I'll do you ~~All~~ the harm I can, by Hell :
 Worse than my Word I never am ——— farewel.

Mattheo now to *Florence* fair returns,
 His House with richest Furniture adorns.
 Ten thousand Pieces he from *Naples* brought,
 Many a Farm, and many a Castle bought.
Signior Mattheo now enjoys his Ease,
 Will gratifie each Sence and ev'ry Fancy please.
 But see th' Inconstancy of human Joys,
 Something or other still our Bliss destroys:
 For 'twas not long before he chanc'd to hear,
 What made his very Heart to quake for fear,
 The King of *France's* Daughter was possess'd,
 This racks his Soul, and soon disturbs his Rest.

Mattheo now reflects upon, with dread,
 What 'twas the Devil last at *Naples* said.
 If *France* commands he knows he must away,
 He dares not for his Life to disobey.

New Miscellaneous Poems. 131

The King sent for him, all his Fears prove true,
And poor *Mattheo* knows not what to do.
At last the King he ventures to refuse,
He's ill, and begs his Majesty's Excuse;
But the Grand Monarch won't be thus deny'd,
To the Magistrates he next apply'd.
To Kings desires they will not Answer no,
And poor *Mattheo* is compell'd to go.
With aking Heart at *Paris* he arrives;
But what afflicts him most, and most Distraction gives,
He knows, alas! 'tis in his Power no more
Those things to do that he had done before.

To Court he goes, the King he plain'y tells
He fears his Skill is vain, and vain his Spells;
For tho' 'twas true such Miracles he'd done,
Twas not in's Pow'r to do't on ev'ry one:
Some Devils are so very resolute,
That 'tis impossible to drive 'em out:
To do his best no doubt he would not fail;
But if his Art at last should not prevail,
The King he hop'd would take it not amiss,
Or think at any Negligence of his.

132 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

At this the King grew Cholerick, and swore
Mattheo should not live another Hour,
 In case he did not cure this Malady,
 And from the Devil set the Princess free.
 This dreadful Sentence like loud Thunder pass'd,
Mattheo quakes, and thinks he's near his last.
 Then to that sad Apartment was he brought,
 In pensive mood, where the poor Princess sat,
 There all his Skill commanded was t'exert.
 He quak'd for Fear, and with a trembling Heart
 He gently steals, and whispers in her Ear
 In usual form, and call'd *Don Red'rick* there.
 In civil Terms bespoke th' Infernal Fiend,
 Remembring him how he had stood his Friend,
 And had preserv'd him from the Bayliffs Claw,
 Bayliffs the very Devils of the Law.
 He humbly begg'd and pray'd the *Don* to go,
 And that he would not quite desert him now;
 For if he left him in so great Distress,
 He should be hang'd, and that's a desperate Case;
 And all the World would then pronounce him base,
 And guilty of the worst Ingratitude,
 To one who so much Love to him and Kindness
 shew'd.

But

New Miscellaneous Poems. 133

But *Roderick* had not the least regard
To what thro' Royal Ear from *Matt.* he heard;
But huff'd and rav'd, bounc'd, swore and seem'd to be
Ten thousand Devils in Epitome.

Is it not I, says he, from humble State,
Have made you very rich and very great?
Without my Orders how durst you presume,
Where I and this great Lady are, to come;
But to your Sorrow I shall let you know,
I'll see your Dogship hang'd before I go.

Mattheo, poor *Mattheo* now will try,
Since this proves vain, another Remedy.
He leaves the Princess and the *Don* alone,
And tells the King what he desires t' have done,
Says he, since all the usual ways I've try'd,
And all as yet have fruitless prov'd and void:
So far unable to remove the Devil,
They rather seem, I think, t' encrease the Evil:
I have a Project labouring in my Head,
Which if in Case, my Liege, shall not succeed,
I'll ask no favour from your Majesty,
But do, great Sir, what you think fit with me;

But

M

Mean

134 *New Miscellaneous Poems.*

Mean time you must give Orders to prepare
 A beautiful and spacious Theatre;
 I'th' middle have a rich dress'd Altar plac'd,
 With shining Plate, and flaming Tapers grac'd,
 And ev'ry glittering Ornament affix'd:
 These must be ready all by *Sunday* next.
 Your Sacred Majesty must too be there,
 With all your Court, and ev'ry Lord and Peer.
 After high Mass, and all the Singing's o'er,
 Then let the Princess come, but not before:
 All sorts of Solemn Musick must be there,
 The Trumpet shrill, soft Pipes, Theorbo's clear,
 Whose Sounds on signal given at once must rend
 the Air.
 With this Alarm, and something I've to say,
 I hope, my Liege, to drive the Dev'l away.
 All things got ready to his Heart's content,
 Thither the King and Court in all their splendour
 went.

At the fix'd Hour two Bishops grave appear,
 Leading the Princess to the Theatre.
Don Roderick, poor Devil, was amaz'd,
 And over all the bright Assembly gaz'd,

New Miscellaneous Poems. 138

And wonders what they were about to do,
He never saw before so rich a Show;
All these gay things, said he, I value not,
The Villain shall be sure to go to pot.
Mattheo now t' her Royal Highness goes,
And on *Don Roderick* civil Words bestows,
All that his Friend *Mattheo* does desire,
Is that the Dev'l would civilly retire.
Who fell into a furious Rage, harangu'd
And swore that he would have the Scoundrel hang'd;
But still *Mattheo* his Request repeats.
Mattheo begs, and earnestly entreats;
The Devil storms and curses, raves and threats,
Mattheo on a sudden gives the Sign,
When the Musicians all to play begin,
Drums, Trumpets, Fifes and rattling Clarions sound,
From Heav'n's high Vaults the rattling Notes re-
bound.

Don Roderick was in a great Surprise,
And ask'd what was the meaning of this Noise;
Mattheo too seems in a deadly fright,
And thus with trembling Voice address'd the Sprite;

[Alas,

136 *New Miscellaneous Poems:*

Alas, says he, it is your Lady Fair,
Honest comes to seek your Honour here.
He said no more, and it was wondrous strange,
How at these Words the Dev'l began to change:
He shook, grew pale, nor would he stay to know,
Whether if what *Mattheo* said was so:
But rather than return to Lady Spouse,
Return'd to Hell, and thus the lesser Evil chose.
There Audience of the King did strait demand,
And gave his Highness soon to understand,
These Souls spoke only Truth, who used to tell
That 'twas their Wives who sent 'em all to Hell,

And thus the Victory *Mattheo* won,
And heard no more of Devil, or of *Dene*.

F I N I S



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